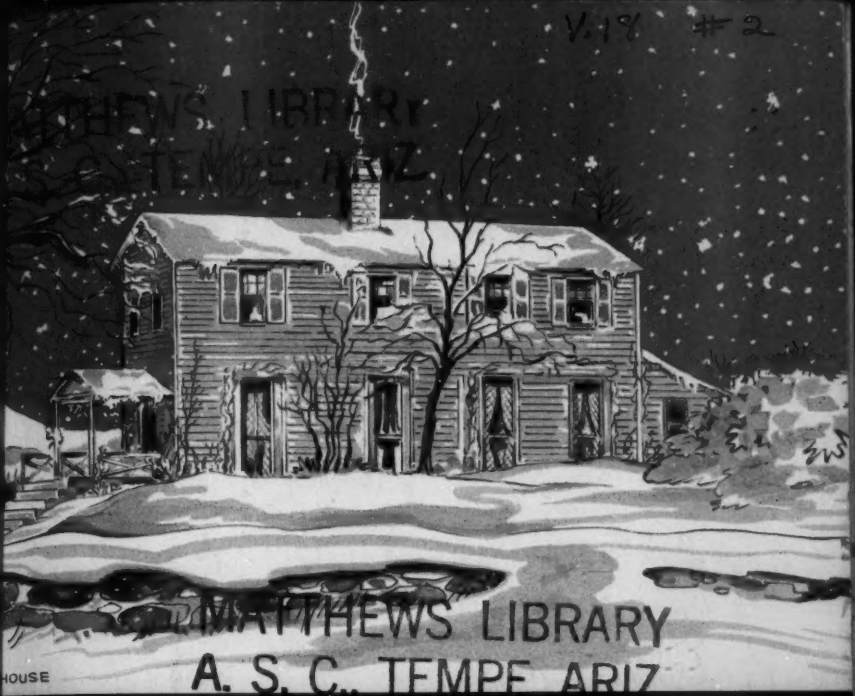


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THE DELTA KAPPA GAMMA

# BULLETIN



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THE  
DELTA KAPPA GAMMA

*Bulletin*

WINTER • 1952

Cover drawing was made by Mr. R. M. Williamson of Austin. He has depicted Boxwood, the cherished home of Alice Freeman Palmer, beautifully described and pictured in the biography written by her husband.

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# The Delta Kappa Gamma Bulletin

M. MARGARET STROH, *Editor*

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### THE DELTA KAPPA GAMMA BULLETIN

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### About Our Contributors

Helen Copeland Householder by this time scarcely needs an introduction to our readers. This article was preceded by two others, both of which were on ways of attaining emotional maturity. Mrs. Householder is a member of Alpha Omega Chapter in California but resides at present in Arizona, and is currently pursuing her studies in maturity while she raises a family.

The Delta Chapter of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, boasts Hermine Foelske as a member. Miss Foelske for many years was a teacher of English and is well known for her facility in writing. Last year after her retirement she was able to revisit some of the spots in Europe which she had enjoyed many years before.

Frank Sorenson, to Nebraskans and to those who have followed the progress of UNESCO needs no introduction. His educational work in the United Nations and UNESCO is so well known that his article should attract many readers.

Virginia Foulk is one of our cherished members in the Alpha Chapter in Huntington, West Virginia. For years she has devoted a great deal of time and contributed much constructive thinking to the welfare of our Society. For a time she served as State President, and she has been on a number of national committees. We rejoice that the trip anticipated for thirty-five long years was at last made a reality.

Bernice Gestie has for a number of years been the managing editor of the Minnesota Journal of Education. She is known in educational circles as one of the best of those who presume to edit

and assemble educational journals. Her great personal charm and her keen educational insight are attributes that those of us who know her have long noted with great appreciation.

President William F. Russell has for many years been regarded as an old friend by many of the alumni of Teachers College, Columbia University. Dr. Russell has not only followed the career of his distinguished father with his own distinguished leadership, but he has also found time to participate actively in many of the cooperative efforts to improve educational thinking and status all over the world. To his presidency of WOTP over a period of four years, the organization owes more than it can ever hope to repay.

Faith Linsley is one of our enthusiastic members in Vermont. She has a rare sense of humor and a delightful facility of expression. Her "Come On, Girls" is something that we can all read with profit and remember.

To Edna Baker we owe a debt of gratitude for representing us at the meeting in Malta last summer, and we are especially grateful to her for the preparation of this article. Since her return from Europe after an unbelievably full summer, she has been swamped by invitations to speak in many places. We are appreciative, therefore, that she found time to write this interesting account of the Malta meeting.

The delightful article on "The Fun and Frolic of Elementary Teaching" was written by May Hanson, an elementary school teacher at Cornish, Utah. She teaches first, second, and third grades in a small elementary school and, as you will realize upon reading the article, has a bubbling sense of humor. The delightful drawings made by the children themselves are eloquent testimony to the impetus she gives her pupils in the way of creative inspiration.

*Mrs. Householder, whose earlier articles on the development of maturity have been a stimulation to many of our readers, achieves real distinction in this article.*

*From the first provocative sentence, with which on first reading some of you will be inclined to disagree until you realize the significance of her thesis, you will be intrigued by the clarity of her thinking and her unassailable logic.*

*Members of women's organizations throughout the country might read and take heed.*

## *Controversy or Diversity?*

HELEN COPELAND HOUSEHOLDER

**I**T IS very interesting to observe that a land once settled by the rugged individualists of many nations is now populated by their descendants who neglect both the art and the contribution of controversial debate.

The Druids, who raised the lintel arches in Stonehenge, understood that two vertical pillars opposed by a horizontal stone slab would stand through the ages. The architects who built immortal artistry into the cathedrals utilized the principle of opposition to raise the domes and spires. Fine artists

of all ages have depended on the theory of opposition to give their work power and drama. Music with its contrast of pitch, volume, and tempo depends on diversity for rhythm and harmony. Nature varies the cycle of the seasons with the hot and the cold, the wet and the dry, and each season has its fruitage.

It seems that only in the realm of human opinion are the qualities of diversity, opposition, and controversy considered evil. Actually human attitudes toward opposing thought are the only incidents

where opposition is not employed for power, support, enrichment, or fruitage.

An artist intending to paint an immortal picture does not value one line direction above another in his composition. He does not look at his preliminary sketch and say, "This diagonal line is my favorite line. I will make all my lines diagonals." Instead, one line direction is used to strengthen another and all lines are subordinated to the final composition. A painter does not look at a tube of red paint and exclaim, "Red is my favorite color. I will paint only with red paint." Like Corot, the painter realizes that opposite colors harmonize each other and that the promise of every red rose is first seen in the blush of crimson on its green foliage. Red and green are opposites, but both hues are necessary to the harmonious use of either color. Definition is achieved by the distinction of differences as well as likenesses. Loud is loud only as it is contrasted with soft; bright is bright only as it differs from dull. Sweet is sweet only when we know the sour, exactly as hot is distinguished by degrees from cold.

As scientists pursue their advanced and theoretical study, we find that there are fewer and fewer absolutes. Time, which we have always been able to regard as a succession of constants in the second, the minute, and the year, is no longer so absolute. Einstein professes that time is probably only

the interval between two concepts. With the greatest minds in the world admitting probabilities in all areas of research, we still find so many people in so many places who consider human opinions infallible and absolute. The man who cannot perceive all sides of an issue and compose his attitudes from the information made available by research is as impotent as the artist who decides to use only diagonal lines in his picture. The woman who refuses to explore the right and justice of any opinion other than her own is as constricted as the painter who decides to use only red paint. Even a drummer, sounding one tone over and over, realizes that he must vary the tempo and the volume of his percussion if it is to have emphasis and significance. If this is true, why is it that man will use the principles of diversity, contrast, and opposition for the perfection of every art except the determination of his opinions? How is it that, when fewer and fewer absolutes remain, the opinions of the least informed in any company can remain absolute without exploration, information, or challenge?

**P**ERHAPS human beings, gifted with reasoning, memory, and a preserving sense of ego, resent controversial opinions because they fear that anyone who disagrees with their opinions is in fact rejecting all they signify. It may be that a threat to their personalities and prestige seems imminent in any

difference of opinion. It is entirely possible that individuals who regard their opinions so personally and invest them with so much emotion are far less secure and certain than they appear. Humility and tolerance are most truly present in those with a wholesome realization of their worth and wisdom, for this self-respect gives them the power to extend these realizations to others. There is the anecdote concerning a famous concert artist traveling in Europe. Many things went wrong

in the arrangements for a concert. The egocentric artist, thoroughly schooled in the expression of his ego, became enraged when an assistant apologized for many things that were not his fault. Finally the musician bellowed, "Just who does he think he is that he can afford to apologize for everyone's failures?" The musician was quite right in his assumption that his assistant's humility was something greater than servility.

We live in an age when man-

FROM *Patty Hill* came much of the inspiration for the tendency in modern education to emphasize child growth and development in relation to the curriculum. It was she who did a pioneer piece of work in adapting theories of education to the needs of young children. She studied, selected, and created materials to stimulate their interests and abilities. During her lifetime the honors heaped upon her were many, but she retained her charming humility of spirit and the wide variety of interests that had always characterized her professional career.

Hers was a never failing sense of humor and her play spirit always entranced children. Many intriguing stories are told of her quick wit, her ability to size up situations constructively, and the instant response which her quick sympathies always evoked. There was something about her that won the ready confidence of children. Our artist has depicted the famous incident of the strange little boy who met Miss Hill on the street one day when she was hurrying home from school. "Please, mum, stop and pin up me pants," he said. Patty Hill was always resourceful. She found the needed safety pin immediately and fixed the little boy up both to his satisfaction and hers.



kind's problems have become larger than man. Since the problems of our age are so serious, it is indisputable that mankind's judgment must be brought into scale with the demands of our history. Everywhere women are urged to vote, to assume office, and represent their sex in determining answers to world problems. This contribution in the complementary action of the female nurture-role on natural male aggressiveness is essential to the one peaceful world idealists dream about.

It is then for women engaged in administering women's clubs and professional societies vitally necessary that this participation be on an informed and unemotional basis. Almost every woman who has ever been elevated to a position of local, national, or international importance has proved the caliber of her character and performance in her previous service to women's organizations.

There have been eras when disprivilege was so flagrant that a wild-eyed zealot could emerge as a successful leader. There are causes, at once more subtle and less clearly defined, that require the wisdom of Solomon's Queen to arbitrate. We cannot close one eye and say, "I know I am right," for an eye's width away someone else may be seeing the same issue with only half of his perceptive faculties and both may be in error. The truth is a balanced two-sided vision, midway between extremes—a two-sided coin milled with understanding.

We cannot, as women destined to fill a woman's role in the political and economic nurture of the world, afford to be maudlin. We cannot afford to believe that the smartest hat in any conclave covers the head that produces the most valuable ideas. Neither can we afford to believe that an interest in beauty and personal attractiveness signifies that a woman is frivolous and egotistical. We cannot afford to feel that the ideas of older women are untimely, for only with age is the wisdom of timelessness acquired. We cannot afford to feel that the ideas of youth are impulsive and impassioned. We cannot afford to listen to the articulate sirens who can make any song sound harmonious because they are skilled at song. We cannot afford to be drawn into whirlpools of misplaced loyalty or sucked under by tides of envy or resentment. We cannot afford any of these things, because, although women's suffrage was long ago voted to us, we are only at this moment in our history achieving the status where this suffrage may in fact become operative at the levels of initiative participation in government at national and international levels.

Among the women now in training by their service to the women's organizations of America are some of the stateswomen of the world of tomorrow. How many and how influential these stateswomen will be depends entirely on how rapidly we can develop the maturity of judgment necessary to the equita-



ble settlement of social problems. We can no longer afford to think in terms of "I want," or "she wants" or even of "they want." Self-will and egotism must be put aside. We cannot be content with government by consent, but must instead move forward to enact our nurture-role in terms of active assent and, even more vitally, by informed initiative.

We must learn to recognize the difference between an articulate agitator and a woman moved to speak out of wisdom, honor, and empathy. We must learn in the words of a very wise woman known to all of us that: "One can learn a great deal from opposition honestly expressed and clearly defended." Savor the wisdom of that line, "*honestly expressed and clearly defended.*" It is possible that that line holds the Biblical wisdom encountered in the admonition to "agree with thine adversary." If we cannot agree with the opinions of another person, at least we can respect his integrity, his diversified experience that yielded this viewpoint, and identify the integrity of his motive, however greatly it differs from our convictions. It is equally possible that this climate of mutual respect is the only atmosphere where operative cooperation, compromise, or agreement can be effected.

Bonaro Overstreet may not be so universally known as is her husband, Harry Overstreet, but she deserves to be acclaimed. Her writings on maturity are less in the na-

ture of critical essays on the state of our national mental maturity and more specifically studies into the method of achieving this status. Mrs. Overstreet suggests that one may mature judgments by aiming toward what she calls *wholeness*. Like all good methodists, she sets forth five specific objectives in the attainment of a mature social philosophy. To become *whole* one must first decide what one believes in and will serve. Secondly, one must decide what things to support and approve. This support and approval, as Bonaro Overstreet prescribes it, is not a passive state. Some favorable comment or communication of approval should be extended to the efforts of any individual or group that warrants support or commendation.

Thirdly, acts of cooperation dictated by our identification of basic likenesses of intention and aspiration among our associates are important steps toward social maturity and effective leadership.

The fourth step toward wholeness is in the exciting experience known to deciding on acts of initiative. It is almost impossible to remain biased, or emotional in a constrictive personal sense, while one is engaged in the creative process of *working out new ways to attack old and stubborn problems*.

Finally, Mrs. Overstreet suggests that the *whole* or socially mature woman must decide on the issues she will oppose. These decisions will not be dictated by emotionalism, but will instead be defined

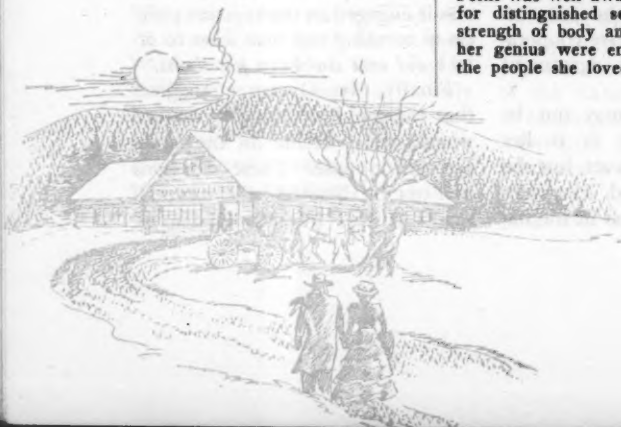
by information, experience, and integrity. The issues that warrant this investment of opposition (for of course it is an investment of all we know—and are—for all we hope for, that we make when we express this degree of opposition) will be worthy issues. They will be comprehensive problems affecting group welfare which go beyond the personal will or satisfaction of any individual or clique, to the social welfare of all persons concerned with the issue. The investment of one's courage and ideals in the determination of a group decision can be a productive experience if one is convinced that opposition can be the angle that constructs as well as opposes.

Many persons foreign to the political culture of the United States erroneously consider our two-party system as a sign of political

FOR nearly a century the mountain region of Kentucky was cut off from the rest of the world, and the only news that trickled out was in tales of bloody feuds and perpetual moonshining. As a child *Katherine Pettit* had been interested in a missionary friend's account of isolated regions to the south and east of the Blue Grass. When she read in the papers of March, 1895, that one of the most terrible feuds in Perry County had been ended by the death of the last fighting man, Katherine Pettit set out with some friends to the county seat. They traveled one day by rail and two by wagon. For several weeks she remained with the women of the region and dreamed about and planned a "Home Industrial" where better homemaking might be taught.

The outcome of her stay among the mountain women and a walking trip which she took later in the Pine Mountain region, was her first community school. At first she and her helpers set up tents borrowed from the state militia, and from far and near young and old came to see the "Quare fotched-on women from the level land." By the end of that first summer the community had decided that it could not get along without the help of Miss Pettit and her co-worker, May Stone.

The men provided land, hauled logs, and the women measured, marked, cut, trimmed and squared them by hand. Stone had to be quarried. Shingles had to be hand driven, but in three years a great house of twenty-eight rooms was ready to be furnished with things made in the shops. In three months the plant was destroyed by fire, but the indomitable Katherine Pettit announced that school would be held in the church the next day. In less than a year all the houses were rebuilt, a hospital was added, and enriched community life was a certainty. Katherine Pettit was well awarded the Sullivan medal for distinguished service to her state. Her strength of body and mind, her vision, and her genius were enlisted in the service of the people she loved.



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disunity and weakness. They cannot comprehend that either party, uncontrolled by the opposing and competing platforms, could not support the weight of the social and economic stresses a single party could create. The strength of opposing angles, whether in wood, stone, steel, politics or abstract philosophy, is a reality created by the balancing interaction of opposites on each other.

At the first opportunity, decide to act with initiative and full perception on a controversial issue. Decide what relation this issue bears

in the scope of your ideals. Find the basic needs that dictate the controversy. Determine which motive, when fulfilled, will bear the greatest resemblance to your ideal. What in this need deserves your approval and support; your cooperation? And, if the issue meets the tests of worthiness, finally decide "when honestly expressed and clearly defended" what your opposition can contribute toward the centrally perceived truth necessary to government by the informed and unselfish majority.

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### Signs of Our Times

*Little Dan, who was the only child of rather "modern" parents, was very bored with kindergarten and its procedures. He stood it for several days and then he called his father by telephone from school, and insisted that his daddy come and take him home immediately.*

*"But I can't," protested the amazed parent. "You have to stay in school." Whereupon he hung up his receiver.*

*A moment later Dan called again and repeated his request, this time insisting that it was urgent that his father come at once.*

*"Why do you want to leave school right now?" demanded his father.*

*"Why can't you wait until three o'clock?"*

*"Well," exclaimed Dan, "if you don't come after me right away, this teacher is going to have me cutting out those darned paper dolls again."*

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*A group of third graders visited the art museum for the first time. There they saw a French Eighteenth Century drawing room correct in every detail. The teacher asked them later what about this room impressed them most. One little girl spoke up. "No television," she said.*

## OLD SCENES RE-VISITED

Hermine Foelske

### *Evensong at Westminster*

**I**T WAS mid-Sunday afternoon and time for evensong at Westminster. As we walked along Whitehall from Trafalgar Square, Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament loomed ever larger in the clear sunlight. And there on our right rose the two stately towers, sentinels of the sky, that guarded the spiritual riches of England, enshrined in the Abbey below.

The mighty church is overpowering in its size, yet benign in atmosphere, both a shield and a shelter to a people who has suffered much. On nearer view, it is startling to behold the sooty patterns that time has etched upon the white stone walls with the grime of ancient London. In reality those blackened stains are its strongest link to the historic past.

If history can be crystallized into tangible form, it has been done in Westminster, where the glory of the past still lives. Every stone and statue speak of high endeavor and noble accomplishment. Every

shaft of light impels to greater achievement. Vesper service in such surroundings is a gripping experience.

During the service I sat again in the north transept, facing the Poets' Corner. The sun was fitful, sometimes sifting pale gold light through the rich stained glass and painting rainbows on the clustered columns, then disappearing and wrapping the high vaulted roof in velvet shadow.

At length the voice of the organ soared above the triforium and the clerestory and reverberated through the lofty arches so high above us. A shower of music drenched the vast audience held silent by awe and devotion as the vested choir first softly chanted the Psalms, then broke into forte in an anthem of praise.

As I listened to the pealing organ, I was overcome with reverence for this magnificent church, whose thousand years had shared the vicissitudes of time and fortune. Whose sublime imagination had

conceived its gigantic plan? What master builder erected its stupendous structure? What artists carved its glorified sculptures? What nameless, patient hands reared its massive and graceful arches?

Very humbly I paid my respects to the vision and skill of those forgotten workmen. All of them must have been inspired by the same mighty impulse—all must have worked in harmony to achieve the poignant loveliness of Westminster. It was a product of the Gothic mind released from feudalism and winging its way into growth and freedom. It was intense religious faith translated into tangible, serviceable beauty.

The preacher was pronouncing the blessing. Evensong at Westminster was a memory.

#### *Where Poppies Blow*

TWO brief days in England and we were off to "the vasty fields of France." I purposely omit any reference to customs, British or French, because the recollection of them invariably induces a combination of goose pimples and colic in me. A speedy recovery was made by all, however, when we were finally permitted to join our motor coach and our capable guide whom Thomas Cook had dispatched to tote us through France and Switzerland.

For the first few hours we drove through miles of fruitful fields, their green monotony broken by the tall-spired poplars that, singly or in groups, had always chosen

exactly the right spot to enhance the landscape.

Away to the right stretched the beaches of Normandy, on whose yellow sands the black barges of the invasion are rotting away in wind and wave and weather. Likewise, in every village, crushed roofs and crumbling walls stare in savage mockery at every passer-by.

Despite the grim reminders of the cruel conflict, the daily toil of many peasants has rebuilt the friendly fields of France. They present a picture of tranquillity and opulence.

In harsh contrast to the smiling countryside are the dingy, half-ruined villages. As we passed through the incredibly narrow streets, we glimpsed through every open doorway only the scantiest furnishings together with plentiful untidiness.

In every dooryard, and in alarming proximity to the screenless windows of the cottages, rose a dung pile of more or less monstrous proportions. When we remarked about it, in shocked surprise, to our conductor, he replied that those unsanitary dung heaps represented the real wealth of France. In fact, more often than not, they constituted the dowry of the daughter of the house.

Back on the open road, we delighted in the long alleys of plane trees that canopied the highway. At intervals, sometimes in glaring sunlight, sometimes in a shaded spot, rose a slender cross of stone or wrought iron. Most of them

bore the marks of timeless age. At the feet of many lay an offering of fresh garden flowers. Someone with a prayer in his heart had passed that way not long since and shared his joy or sorrow with his God. In a flashing moment it came to me that the French peasant, fortified by his industry and his faith, was still the hope of France.

#### *A Tiny Town of Destiny*

MELLOW sunshine enveloped the tiny town of Domremy where we stopped to view the birthplace of Jeanne D'Arc, heroine of France. History prattles glibly of the deeds performed by Jeanne, and psychology struggles vainly to explain them. At this distance of time, her martyrdom is an accumulation of empty words; her memory, a matter of carved stone.

The gray little house where she lived stands in the shadow of the unpretentious church where she worshipped. Both are bare of comfort and of beauty to the point of despair. Only the tall, shaggy pines relieve the harsh severity with their spreading arms. Yet, here dwelt the meek and unschooled peasant girl whose "magnificent obsession" saved the destiny of France.

High on a hill outside the village, two exquisitely slender spires were etched against the evening sky. They topped the great basilica, erected in Jeanne's memory. She, who in religious fervor had raised the oriflamme to victory and died a martyr's death, has now become the cherished saint of France.

#### *Paris—Forever Young*

WHEN I reentered Paris this time, she was really "wearing roses in her hair" and gaily celebrating her two thousandth birthday. No other gal but Helen of Troy, perhaps, would unblushingly admit to such a flock of anniversaries, but when the gods conferred immortality on Paris they must also have granted her eternal youth, for she has remained "forever panting and forever young."

Of the hundreds of impressions that crowd the mind as one explores the famous city, only a few stand out in bold relief. Among them, for me, is the little chapel of St. Louis, that "soars skyward, slender and strong" from the courtyard of the Palace of Justice. It is a vertical building of rarely fine proportions, a gem of pure Gothic architecture. Every line of it has an upward surge and merges finally into a spire of unrivaled delicacy.

Arresting as the exterior of the little edifice is, it is its thirteenth-century windows that startle, then stun the visitor into silence.

Sunlight transforms the chapel into a blaze of glory. Reality melts away into a fairyland of color. It is as if God had shattered the rainbow and the sunset that the fragments might be reset in this peerless shrine that is a constant call to prayer.

The other thing that tugged again at my heartstrings with all the force of flood tide was the Venus de Milo. Of all the countless tons of marble that man has

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transmuted into sculpture, *she* is the "very top of admiration."

What witchery the Greeks possessed to impart human warmth to lifeless stone will forever remain

a mystery. Yet this is certain—that, in this lovely figure, genius had compelled cold marble to "live and breathe and have its being."

Again the subtle perfection of



#### JULIA LOUISE COREY

was born in Marietta, Ohio in 1794 a short time after her father had been killed by Indians. Her mother placed the baby in a saddle-bag, mounted a horse, and returned to her home state of New York. This is the baby who later became the indomitable Julia Dumont.

Edward Eggleston was one of her pupils, and he paid tribute to *Julia Dumont* years later in the following words: "I can see the wonderful old lady now, with her cape pinned awry, rocking her splint bottom chair nervously as she talked. Full of all manner of knowledge, gifted with something like eloquence in speech, abounding in affection for her pupils and enthusiasm in teaching, she moved us strangely. Being infatuated with her, we became fanatic in our pursuit of knowledge so that the school hours were not enough, and we had a 'lyceum' in the evening for reading compositions and a club for the study of history. If a recitation became very interesting, the entire school would sometimes be drawn into the discussion of the subject; all other lessons went to the wall, books of reference were brought out of her library, hours were consumed, and many a time the school session was prolonged until darkness forced us to adjourn."

What a wonderful tribute to a great teacher from a great man! *Julia Dumont* was one of the first of those who disagreed with the prevailing ideas of discipline in teaching methods. She believed in and gave freely commendation for work well done. She gave the dull pupil more than his share of attention. She was a person of infinite resource in calling out the richness of the human spirit. By pure force of native genius she made of herself a great teacher and an outstanding community leader.

her body, the provocative tilt of her head, the quiet serenity of her poise caressed my soul with a soothing touch. For me she is not made of marble; she is of the divine essence of angels.

One of the *awesome* things about Paris is its traffic, unlimited and uninhibited. There are signals, to be sure, which bring your taxi-driver to a violent stop and your nose to rest on his shoulder. If the pause is long enough, he generally succeeds in insulting the driver next to him, whereupon all the symptoms of a physical debate become imminent. The changing signal alone saves you from threatened destruction.

Most taxi-drivers wear berets, rakishly set over one eye, and affect incipient beards that are profuse and very porcupiney. I think that they wish to pass for bandits, and when you pay your fare you realize that their dress is no disguise.

The law of the road in Paris becomes the law of the jungle. I have seen a handsome limousine whizz down the Avenu de l'Opera, whizz determinedly to the right into a side street, as suddenly change its mind, *back out* into arterial traffic, and whizz on its

giddy way.

At night, drivers turn on only their cow lights—or none. This makes pedestrian progress across the wide spaces of the Place de la Concorde precarious business. Suddenly, while you are picking your way gingerly across a traffic lane, a pair of headlights will flash angrily at you—go out—and speed by within a foot of your fainting form. I shudder to think what a staff of deputies good St. Christopher must employ in the city of Paris!

The French franc is a tragedy. It has steadily lost caste among the currencies of Europe until today it is worth about one-third of a cent in American money. Your first fistful of paper francs—ten or twenty thousand perhaps—intoxicates you with a sense of affluence, *until* you go shopping or dining. Then you hastily do some painful arithmetic and hustle back to Cook's for more tissue paper francs. This is *really* inflation, and before long you realize that France is in a very bad way. She has received a succession of body-blows from which it will take her decades to recover. She still possesses some of her inimitable charm.



# THE STRUGGLE FOR THE MINDS OF MEN

FRANK E. SORENSON\*

## *An Awakening America*

AMERICA has had a rude awakening in the last half dozen years. Without being conditioned this youthful nation has been thrust into a position of unprecedented world leadership. Every decision, every action of the American people in response to a world problem or issue is a driving force in the modern world. This position of world leadership places on the American citizen and his government responsibilities for which there has been little time for preparation. In fact there are so many changes—call them revolutions if you like—in the several parts of the world that known methods and techniques would

probably not work successfully in providing needed assistance. It would seem that the approaches will necessarily have to be exploratory and time for reverses will have to be recognized in the American time-table.

In this new role of world leader the American people must learn to be patient. They may often be frustrated by the mores of world cultures which seem to block progress, by the problems created by over-population and lack of resources, by the reluctance of people to accept the same moral and spiritual values which point the way in America. At times America in its role of leader may be supporting forms of government little appreciated by the American citizen. The path ahead promises to be a strange one with its many curves and dangerous ruts. But America must adjust to this world of frustrations if we are to avoid a third world war too horrible to think about and/or a communist-dominated world with its pattern of secret police, slave camps, and disregard for human welfare.

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*Meeting the Challenge*

**T**HERE is every reason to believe that America will accept the challenge of our time and prepare for the world leadership task ahead. In this new development several ideas deserve recognition:

1. Today's world is but a single neighborhood. This is the result of man's handiwork. His communication and transportation systems have minimized time and distance.

2. In this world neighborhood there are two recognized leaders with widely differing ways of life—the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the United States of America.

3. This world neighborhood operates under the watchful eyes of the United Nations. In this organization, which is an association of world states and not a world government, steps are being taken to halt aggression and to work for the welfare of the world's underprivileged peoples.

The American people believe in the United Nations. In this union of nations there is great strength and vision. In it barriers to international understanding and peace are being attacked and the finest international minds of the world are planning for a better tomorrow.

*The United Nations Approach*

**T**HE United Nations is out to capture the minds of men. Its program is motivated by a great cause—world peace and development. People in every nation can

rally behind this cause. The major problem is one of providing opportunity for wide participation in the United Nations program. This means even the most remote of the world's communities will share in the decisions of this world organization.

The chief approach used by the United Nations in its struggle for the minds of men is "propaganda." The press, radio, television, motion picture, and lecture schemes are used extensively in telling the United Nations story. In the propaganda approach the emphasis is largely one of keeping the world's people informed; participation on the part of the masses is limited.

There is a second approach which is receiving favorable support from the United Nations Department of Public Information, UNESCO, and the educators of the world. This is the educational approach, one that reaches children and youth through the regular channels of education.

What a challenge is offered the classroom teachers of the world! It is in the classroom that the greatest social invention of all time—the United Nations—can be taken apart, examined piece by piece, and then put back together again. Students may even discover the wheels that must be oiled from time to time so that the machine may run smoothly.

In teaching about the United Nations it is not enough to learn only of the machinery. It is equally as important to study the problems



and issues before the delegates when they assemble in council and committee meetings. Where else can the teacher find problems more clearly defined and more significant than in the halls of the United Nations?

It would be helpful if classrooms could simulate miniature council and committee rooms of the United Nations, and procedures used by United Nations delegates.

In studying problems before the United Nations, children can compare their conclusions and recommendations with those of the world diplomats. They can protest if the actions of the senior group are not in harmony with their thinking.

Another interesting experience for the children would be to follow United Nations leaders as they work in committees around the world on their special missions. In making such a study, extensive use could be made of textbooks, globes, atlases, reference materials, and news broadcasts. The statements made by these world leaders would, of course, come in for careful study.

Much more could be said about the United Nations' struggle for the minds of men. This struggle parallels in many ways that of the United States Government, as we shall now see.

### *The United States Approach*

THE United States has only recently expanded its International Information Program in a determined struggle to capture the minds of men. This expansion was

necessary in order to match the Soviet Union's propaganda weapon used so effectively in its struggle for world conquest.

It is well known that Soviet propaganda portrays the USSR as the world's greatest advocate of peace and the great protector of defenseless peoples. Their program goes on to picture the United States as a warmongering, power-hungry nation with the single motive of dominating other nations. The Soviets are determined to turn the peoples of the world away from the United States and toward the USSR.

America has accepted the challenge and, in its determination to win the cold war, has set into motion what is known as the *Campaign of Truth*. This propaganda scheme of the United States is based on truth; it seizes the offensive and tells America's story abroad. This program, it is hoped, will gain support for the American plan of living and working with its world neighbors and give nations in difficulty the courage to hold out against the pressures of communism and Soviet imperialism.

The United States, like the United Nations, has turned to the established news channels to reach the people. The Voice of America broadcasts to the critical areas of the world. Motion pictures are being used successfully in telling America's story. In addition, printed booklets, pamphlets, and posters are distributed in quantities abroad. Even the comic book

is used successfully in lands where people have little or no education.

It is interesting to note that the spearhead of United States propaganda is pointed directly at the hard core of the Soviet Union. It is felt that many people behind the Iron Curtain will resist their present government if they receive encouragement from outside nations. This special effort must be having its desired effect, for the Soviet Union has gone to great lengths to block the broadcasts.

The second area reached by American propaganda includes the satellite countries. In this way millions of oppressed people are brought hope from the free world. Perhaps in time a country like Czechoslovakia will find a way of establishing itself again as a free nation because of encouragement by the United States.

Other areas reached by the new information program of America are the nations bordering the Soviet Union and its satellites. In some of these countries their people need to be told that the United States wants their nations to be free.

It is important to know that the objective of the American people is to tell its story to the masses and not just to the elite. This story introduces the peoples in other lands to the American people, their ideals and way of life.

This informative program provides an educational feature that is proving to be highly important. It is the educational exchange program. Hundreds of students and

teachers now study in the United States each year and observe America as she is. There is no better way to sell democracy.

There is much more that could be done through education. In fact, education is the essential companion of propaganda. Its processes go deeper in that more active participation is possible in the formation of action.

It is unfortunate that the American people do not know more about the United States Information Program abroad. They would be heartened with it and give more support to those responsible for its further development.

#### *UNESCO Offers Assistance*

THOSE concerned with such problems as have been presented will be interested in the UNESCO Conference to be held at Hunter College, New York City, January 27-31, sponsored by the United States National Commission for UNESCO. Two thousand leaders from all parts of the United States are expected to share in this meeting. The conference theme, "The United Nations—Man Helping Man," suggests that delegates will be concerned with ways in which the citizen can participate in world affairs, especially by sharing in the work of the United Nations and its specialized agencies. Out of this conference may come a pattern of community action that might well guide the efforts of interested individuals and groups during the years ahead.

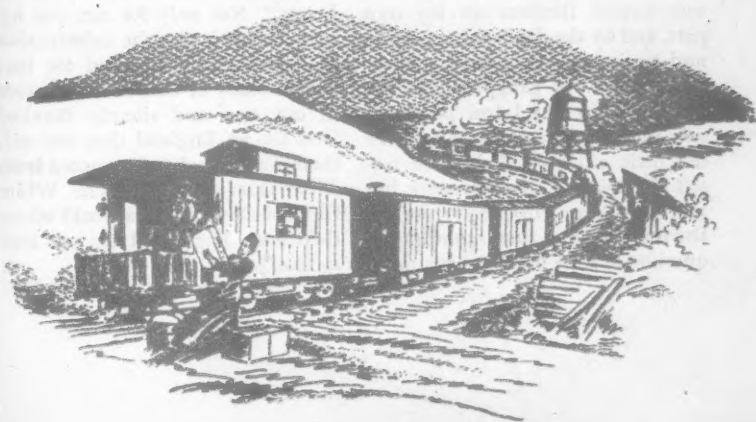
**IT WAS** only a few years ago that Carrie Chapman Catt left us at the age of eighty-three. Known as a pioneer worker for equal suffrage, Mrs. Catt's career as an international leader of the political phase of the feminist movement dwarfed her experience and contribution as a teacher.

For a year when she was seventeen she taught a typical rural school, receiving the typical wages of the time, \$20 a month for spring and fall terms, and \$28 for winter. Her abilities marked her as an unusually promising student when she went to the state college in Ames, Iowa. By 1880 she had been graduated with a degree of Bachelor of Science and decided that she would study law. Her legal career was interrupted by a call to become the principal of the Mason City, Iowa, High School. She took the first freight train for Mason City because there was no other transportation available. Her handling of the high school and its difficult problems brought her the invitation to be City Superintendent.

It is memorable that in 1883,

long before women's potential abilities as administrators were recognized, Carrie Chapman Catt became one of the earliest superintendents of schools. Her sense of even-handed justice brought community approval, and the devotion with which she fulfilled her duties made her re-election assured. Had she not met Leo Chapman, the editor of the city newspaper, and fallen in love with him, the career of Carrie Chapman Catt as a teacher might not have been interrupted by marriage.

When she returned to an active career, the instances of injustices to women which had come to her attention made her resolve to devote the rest of her life to changing the political and economic status of women. To Carrie Chapman Catt we owe, as women, an increasing public appreciation of the injustice of the discriminations that professional women had long felt. That we are gradually eliminating those discriminations is largely attributable to the dynamic influence of this great woman.



## After Thirty-five Years

VIRGINIA FOULK

SOMEWHERE in nursery lore, there is a rhyme about a little old lady who, having met with an accident to her wearing apparel, wandered around disconsolately saying, "Can this be I?" Somewhat the same question occurred to me this summer when, after 35 years of planning, I finally set sail for Europe. These 35 years of planning had been punctuated at intervals by two World Wars, by two serious illnesses on my own part, and by the deaths of my father and mother, so not until I actually walked up the gangplank of the *Stella Polaris* did I feel positively sure that I was actually going. Like the little old lady, I pinched myself to say, not disconsolately but joyfully, "Can this really be I?" During the next four months that question was to pop into my mind

rather frequently; so long had I anticipated the trip that it was hard to realize that it was actually coming to pass.

At intervals during those twenty-eight days on the *Stella Polaris* of happy, carefree cruising through southern waters I queried, "Am I really nearing Europe?" But I was finally and thoroughly convinced when one gorgeous June afternoon we sighted "the White Cliffs of Dover." Not only for me, but for many of us it was the culmination of a lifelong dream, and for that reason many of us stood with tears in our eyes and silently thanked God for an England that was still there. We thoughtfully quoted from Alice Duer Miller's "The White Cliffs of Dover," "In a world where there's no England I do not care to live."

**L**UCINDA STONE, who blazed trails in education and civic work, was principal of what was known as the female department of the University of Michigan in the branch at Kalamazoo. She was instrumental in building the first college dormitory for the girls of the University of Michigan. To her home came the leading figures of the day, Garrison, Phillips, Parker, and later, Julia Ward Howe, Emerson, Mary Livermore, and Susan B. Anthony. Much of her burning conviction on the evils of her day, particularly slavery, was derived from the period when she was a tutor in the home of a wealthy Natchez, Mississippi planter. Deeply impressed by some of the things she saw, Lucinda Stone never forgot the impact of those days. Prior to her stay in the Mississippi home, she taught at the Burlington Seminary. As a very young woman she had manifested her resentment over constant chaperonage, the rigid decorum, the social restrictions imposed upon young women, and she had early become a convert to co-education. She was committed to the belief that a thorough college education would cure the affectations of school girls and give them higher motives in life. To Lucinda Stone women owe much for hard-won, equal educational opportunities.



We were destined to think of English courage and morale time and time again during our visit there. One cannot see the ruins around old St. Paul's, one cannot share the scanty food rationing of English tables without paying tribute to that indomitable English courage that took the blitz in its stride and, what is more, endured it night after night. Nor can one underestimate the morale of a people now undergoing the English "austerity program." All told I had thirty meals during my ten days stay in England. Not once did I get up from the table satisfied. Now I could endure that for ten days, knowing full well that it would end when I boarded my return steamer. How can the English endure it, week after week, month after month, with no relief in sight!

**M**Y sympathy for their plight is all the more keen because I learned to like the English people. For me, it was the culmination of a childhood dream to walk down Bond Street (whether Old or New)—named after an English ancestor—and to feel that "at long last" I had come home! The English blood in my veins was proud of the part that my English cousins had played in two World Wars and two post-war recovery periods.

As an English major in my undergraduate days, I had studied intensively English authors. I had been taught that every writer destined to endure is the product not only of his period in history but also of his

immediate environment. When I saw the beautiful English Lakes region, when I sat long hours at my window in the hotel on the edge of Lake Windemere (because I could not bear to leave such beauty to go to bed), when I followed the guide through Dove Cottage, Grasmere, where Wordsworth once lived, I could well understand the love of nature he evinced in his poems. Of him could Nature truthfully say,

"This Child I to myself will take  
He shall be mine . . . my own"

For years I had worshipped Wordsworth from afar; I seemed to feel his very presence within the four walls of the cottage as I saw the books he loved and touched the very chair in which he once had sat.

Some years ago an emergency in the French department at our college necessitated my teaching first- and second-year French in our Laboratory High School. One of the collaterals to be read in the original was *L'Abbé Constantine*. Those of you who have read it will recall that one night Bettina goes to the opera in Paris and Halévy gives a very detailed description of the elegance of the foyer and the salons and of the beauty of the marble stairway curving upward to the auditorium. Last summer it was my pleasure to attend the Paris Opera three times and to check the description. It was good to ascertain that it is true to the actual conditions, and it was even better to have heard *The Masked Ball* and



*The Magic Flute* and to have seen the ballet *Phaedre*.

To me the isle of Capri has always been a mythical beauty spot that I hoped one day to see. Last summer I saw Capri and the Blue Grotto. Barring the inevitable feeling of physical and emotional discomfort ensuing from the Italian boatman's succinct command, "Lie down flat on your backs," as the little rowboat approached the mouth of the grotto, I can truthfully report that the Blue Grotto is even more beautiful than I had imagined it to be. In fact it is impossible to imagine and equally impossible to describe the effect that the electric blueness of the grotto water has upon one's sensibilities when, once inside the grotto, one is permitted to sit up. It was well worth having lain recumbent, with three other recumbent bodies overlapping mine, to see such color.

More than 35 years ago (in 1901 to be painfully truthful and accurate), my father, with whom I had all my high school literature classes, required all of us to memorize certain passages from Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*. In the intervening years there had never been any occasion for me to make use of that memorizing—an admission that supports the position of those educators who do not believe in requiring children to memorize. In 1951 I visited Montreux-Teritet and I stood with

tear-dimmed eyes in the Castle of Chillon dungeon, before the fifth column to which Bonivard the Swiss patriot had been chained for six long years. Suddenly, without any volition on my part, I found myself repeating to myself the opening lines of Bonivard's soliloquy,

"My hair is gray, but not with years

Nor grew it white

In a single night

As men's have done from sudden fears"

In the book of *Esther*, Mordecai says to her, "Who knows whether thou art come to the Kingdom for such a time as this?" Who knows whether for fifty years those lines had lain dormant in my memory just to spring to life again on an occasion such as that? And that is an argument in favor of letting children fill their heads with beautiful lines to come back within memory's periphery when occasion calls them forth.

In the *Book of Proverbs*, Solomon once said, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." I cannot subscribe to that 100 per cent. In my case the hope of a European trip, deferred from summer to summer during 35 long years of waiting, only intensified my heartfelt appreciation of European life, scenery, and customs when at long last I actually achieved this hope.

"HE WAS very friendly and encouraging, not what I had expected at all! You would think an editor might not welcome unsolicited material, but he was swell!"

The young man checking his coat at the AVA convention unwittingly sent a sharp dart of insight into the mind of his neighbor.

"Not what I expected at all!" Do we editors seem so hard and unfeeling to those who write? Perhaps we do not communicate to authors the real regret that accompanies rejection of manuscripts. One of the rewards of being an editor is the opportunity to read many good articles that never reach print; one

would. The more manuscripts from which to choose the more likely the final product will be of real value to the readers. And an editor must ever keep in mind the reader—not one, but all of them.

An editor is bound to consider many factors in deciding whether or not to accept a manuscript for publication. Each manuscript is surrounded by a cloud of its fellows—past, present, and future. Whether it is eventually accepted is dependent upon the purpose of the magazine, its policy, its immediate and long-time plan, its past content, commitments already made.

Some content is determined by

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## If You Want to Write

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BERNICE DAINARD GESTIE \*

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of the grim demands of the profession is the need to return material to the ones who have created it. "We regret" may have become a stereotype which conveys no feeling tone. But "I regret" is truly the meaning of that statement.

Would an editor want to have unsolicited material? Of course he

the function of the periodical; some is current and so in the "must" list; some is associated with the organization and fields represented in such a way that it has priority over others. Occasionally, the one who decides what content to use must rule against a superior article because of these and other matters. Most publications, though planned and partially set months in advance,

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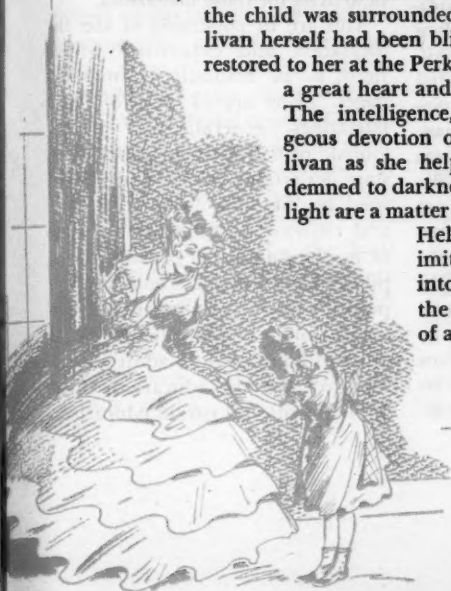
\* Managing Editor, *Minnesota Journal of Education*.



ONE of the most dramatic tributes ever paid a great teacher is found in Helen Keller's moving personal story, *Out of the Dark*. The coming of Anne Mansfield Sullivan as her teacher marked the beginning of her education. The day that the gift of a doll brought to Helen Keller the recognition that it had a name, and that there were symbols to put together to form that name, was a dramatic moment in the darkness with which the child was surrounded. Anne Mansfield Sullivan herself had been blind and sight had been restored to her at the Perkins Institute. Hers were

a great heart and a great understanding. The intelligence, affection, and courageous devotion of Anne Mansfield Sullivan as she helped a little child condemned to darkness find her way into the light are a matter of history. The day that

Helen Keller learned by imitation to spell words into her teacher's hand was the beginning of the career of a great and loving spirit.



face constant revision and adaptation to circumstance, not always explainable in simple terms.

We need writing from the field. You as teachers have an abundance of experience and wisdom based on that experience that should be shared with the readers of educational magazines and also with the readers of the more popular press. The editor's desk is a long way from the schoolroom. Most editors have responsibilities which prevent frequent contacts with the classroom. It is only as communication is established between those who are operating in the field and those who present the material on the printed page that the story of education can be properly told.

**T**O illustrate the dilemma of the editor in his desire to enlist writers, take the instance of Peter DuBerg, editor of *Unesco Features*, which has a 30-million reader audience. Last summer, Peter DuBerg heard that an International Children's School was being conducted in Ohio somewhere near Cincinnati. That was all the lead he had. From Paris, "near Cincinnati" was not a very exact designation. Because he had had correspondence with the chairman of the International Relations Committee of the Educational Press Association of America, he wrote to Minnesota. After some questioning, I wrote the editor of *Ohio Schools*, who knew about the project or about someone who did. Finally, the story was ar-

ranged. That is a predicament often felt by educational editors, who, from their desks, must rely on others to report sources of news and writers.

Of course, we want unsolicited materials. It took thousands of air miles, and correspondence five ways, before that story was negotiated. The air miles are shorter when publication is in the United States about United States projects, but the barrier between the editor's desk and actual knowledge of the news is, often, just as great.

There are 7,000 magazines in the United States. Of these, 1,000 listed in *America's Educational Press*, twenty-third yearbook of the Educational Press Association of America, are in the field of education.

Who writes for these magazines? Who is qualified to write for them? You as a member of the education profession are the potential author of articles for these magazines.

You are in possession of the information and experience which need to be transmitted in their pages. There are 44 kinds of these magazines—general, state or regional professional organizations, state department, local journals issued by city boards of education and citizens' organizations, organs of local professional organizations, publications for classroom use by pupils, and those for parent-teacher associations. Periodicals are listed under administration, adult education, art, business education, child development and parent education,

curriculum, elementary and early childhood education, exceptional children, fraternal magazines, health, physical education and safety, industrial arts, language teaching, libraries, and music. Negro education, Pan American relations, poetry, psychology and mental hygiene, radio, religious education, research, rural education, science, natural resource and mathematics, secondary education, social studies, special classes or fields, speech education, supervision of instruction, teacher education, visual education, vocational education, guidance, and homemaking are others.

**L**AST summer the Iowa State Teachers College at Cedar Falls pioneered in giving a course in educational editing and writing to education majors. This pioneer venture was embarked upon because the college recognized that all teachers, at some time in their careers, are called upon to write for publication. Many, in the course of their work, have editorial responsibilities. American Education Week alone puts a tremendous demand on teachers for writing that will tell the school's story to citizens. Publication points may be the local press, school bulletin, pamphlets, curriculum guides, state and national magazines.

The instructor (Frederick M. Hoar) wrote to fifty educational editors asking what advice they

would give to would-be authors and the students of this course in particular. A guest editor was invited to lecture for one month. Editors agreed on a number of points: Here are a few of their replies:

Define your audience. Who would be interested in your idea or information?

Define your purpose in your own mind—what are you trying to communicate? Have a clearly defined concept of what you want to express.

Study magazine you are considering as an outlet, so you don't shoot wide of the mark. Look through several issues to determine what kind of material is used, style, audience reached.

Study length of articles. Note whether a series is ever used. Look for a stated theme for the year.

Put yourself in the place of the reader of that magazine. Send material only if it is new, constructive, and helpful to that group.

Don't quote. You are the source person if you are writing an article for publication. Quotations from other writers are good in term reports but not reader-attracting for most educational magazines. An exception would be the scholarly type of magazine where supporting evidence and footnotes are the practice.

Don't send a doctor's dissertation, term paper, or a speech. All of these are written for specific purposes, none of them for publication as a magazine article. You may be able to take one phase of a study and write it in article form to submit for magazine publication.

Submit to only one magazine at a time. Wait until you have heard from the editor before submitting to another.

Send original typed manuscript. Keep carbon.

"Write that article, send it out, not once but a dozen times."

Some hints were also given on writing to attract the reader and thus arresting the attention of the

editor, who must always keep his potential readers in mind. The competition of today's mountains of printed matter and of the other media of communication makes it imperative that authors and editors devise every way possible to ease the job of the reader. The editor may do this by inviting titles, attractive layout, provoking subheads, but it is the author's duty to set down a simple, pleasing flow of words that will evoke a willingness to stop and read and an understanding when read. Editors who have space will easily yield it to articles written in that way.

Here are some of the suggestions of the fifty editors and others who have studied readability:

Personalize your approach. The best teaching ever done was in parables. So also in writing.

Use simple language. It takes more time to find the short exact word for an idea, but less time to read it. You are the servant to the reader, even as the editor is. Why not, for example choose *use* instead of *utilize*?

Use short sentences, short paragraphs. Try reading back what you have written. You may be surprised to count the words in a sentence.

Keep your idea related and transitions logical.

Summarize and repeat. Do it, don't take space saying you are going to do it.

Some practices to follow before sending manuscripts to an editor are these:

Type, double-spaced, on one side of paper only, with generous margins.

Place your name and position at top of first page. Be sure this is as you would want it to appear. Also give address. In-

dicate number of illustrations or other enclosed material.

Number pages. It is good practice to carry a running page number with surname of author at top of each page, as well as the number at bottom of the page.

Don't trust typist's proofreading. Read it over. Allow a day or two before final re-reading, if possible. You may want to make some changes. They are expensive once the printer is involved.

Put bibliography on separate page. Make sure all facts are available, in proper form, that is, in form used by magazine to which you are submitting it. (If magazine does not use footnotes and bibliography, consider that fact as you draft your article.)

Type footnotes on separate page, if footnotes are sent. (This aids the printer and reduces costs, since footnotes are set in smaller type.)

Identify inserts and illustrations with your name and position. (Indicate number of such with your name at top of first page.)

Keep a carbon.

### *Before Mailing Your Manuscript*

Send flat, by first class mail. If folded, only once with typed page on outside.

Enclose return postage.

If pictures accompany manuscript, indicate at top of first page. Identify each picture as coming from you.

Write captions or explanation of picture, giving full name and exact titles. Many pictures could illustrate almost any article. They are easily lost on an editorial desk which is like the ocean, with waves of new material submerging what was on top but a moment before.

Write lightly in identifying pictures. Pencil marks may damage the finish of a photograph for engraving or reproduction purposes. A better way is to type on separate sheet and Scotch-tape to picture, or use gummed label.

Do not use paper clips on photographs, as they leave a mark which engraver is unable to correct.

Keep a carbon—your manuscript may be lost in the mail—it has happened.

If you are writing at the request of an editor, you will have had directions as to the number of words to provide and the date of the deadline. If you comply with the stated request as to number of words, your article will fare better on its way through production. Space will have been allowed for the amount requested. If you send more, the editor will have to do the cutting, probably not to your satisfaction and very likely in limited time close to the printer's deadline axe. If you send less, the editor's problem will be one of filling the planned space with other material, not always at hand and perhaps of inferior quality.

The deadline is an unrelenting

taskmaster in magazine life. If you fail to meet a set deadline, other material must be substituted, for press schedules cannot be altered. If they could, mailing dates would be affected for other magazines as well as your own.

What may the writer expect of the editor? First of all, an acknowledgment of receipt of the manuscript. Some editors wait until they have time to consider whether or not they may be able to use it, in which case the acknowledgment letter may be an acceptance or rejection. Where a large quantity of material must be reviewed or the space is limited, a longer time may be needed for careful consideration of the author's work and of needs

**C**ARRIE MORGAN of Wisconsin is listed in "Who's Who," but she spent most of her life in Appleton, Wisconsin. She saw the schools grow from their primitive pioneer beginning to their present status. A few years ago the Board of Education named the new senior high school for her, and quite rightly so, for to her the city owed the inspiration of schools for crippled children, for the under-privileged, the junior high schools, the vocational school, and the fine city library. She, too, was a superintendent of schools, but it was a long, hard road before she achieved that status. The day that she saw her first school, when her father drove her to her destination, was the day she fell in love with teaching. The career of another great teacher had begun.



of the publication and its readers.

Few educational editors have adequate staffs. In fact, most of these editors have multiple duties, involving field work, conference attendance, and administrative duties in organizations. Consequently much of the review of manuscripts must be done after hours, evenings, or Sundays. There are times when the desk piles mount beyond any attempt to catch up. In the midst of these other duties come the recurring deadlines which give the editor time only to bounce up like a rubber ball, between press dates.

Because of the circumstance related above, you may feel, and justly so, that you have to wait too long for word of your manuscript. A letter from you inquiring about its fate is always in order and may help divert the editor's attention from other pressing matters.

**O**NCE the decision is made, and it may be an acceptance without definite commitment for a certain month, the editor becomes your servant as well as the reader's. He will edit it, watching for conflicting statements, inaccuracies, repetition of pet expressions, shifts from third to second person when parallel construction would be preferable. Diction, grammar, and rhetoric will be his concern. Without changing the essential character of your article, he will give as much ability as he has and as much time as he can squeeze out of the schedule to present your material as you would

want it to appear. If changes are extensive, he will refer them to you before publishing, but minor changes are his prerogative and his responsibility. Some readability experts at editors' workshops have laughingly remarked that almost any article could be improved by cutting out the first three paragraphs. A shocking overstatement, of course, and a practice no editor would indulge in without consulting the writer; but it is surprising, when one looks over a mass of manuscripts, to discover how many would not lose much by such treatment, yea, might be improved.

The editor's next job with your manuscript is to title it in such a way that it will catch the potential reader's eye and make him want to read it. You may have submitted just such a title. If not, the editor will write it. He may also subtitle it, in order that readers may not be repelled by long, solid printed matter. He will plan the layout so the page or pages will invite reading and will be balanced with other material in the magazine. He may write some boxed matter to insert somewhere in the course of the article. He may use pictures which you have provided or order art work. He will then carry the article through production and proof-reading to the final mailing of the magazine to the readers and to you.

**N**OW what can you expect when the article is finally published? Rarely will you receive any finan-



cial return for publication in an educational magazine. A baker's dozen magazines are listed in the 1951 *Writers Market* as paying for manuscripts. You will, however, have made a contribution to the professional literature and have the satisfaction of such service. Many educational magazines have listings in the *Education Index*; your information in that way will have a wider audience than that of the magazine's circulation. You may expect marked copies: magazines vary in their practice in this respect, some sending two, some a larger number. You may be able to order reprints if you warn the editor in advance. Some printing companies kill material soon after publication. Reprints are somewhat costly but entail less expense than purchasing large numbers of extra copies; they are more usable for filing and for mailing when information is requested.

Don't languish if there are minor errors in your finished product. When perfection finally joins itself to the printing process, we will be on the highway to the millennium. Unfortunately, errors have a way of cropping up at the most important places; the editor will writh under them as much as you will, and will be as helpless, except where cases may be cited for correction in a later issue. An editor could not survive without an acceptance of this condition and is greatly helped by a sense of humor, his own and that of his authors. Nine times out

of ten the error crops up in the production process: a letter is discovered to be imperfect as the chase goes on the press, the printer has a line recast to produce a perfect impression, the fatal error occurs in the "corrected" line and, in the haste of getting the magazine "to bed," passes by unnoticed. The tenth time is the embarrassing one, however. It happened with the writer recently when she let an author's sentence, "The FBI has wrapped on doors," go through first reading, editing, galley and page proofreading, without notice. She even read the printed page in the magazine twice, after having attention called to it, before perceiving the error. Those are times when one feels he should have taken up street cleaning as a life work.

One last word—if the article is not accepted, what? Anyone who has ever written for publication knows the letdown that comes when a cherished brainchild is returned to one's doorstep. Perhaps the best consolation is to be aware that, unless one is a professional writer, one can never hope to have as many "rejection slips" as most of our best known writers have filed away.

The advice of R. Lanier Hunt, editor of *Phi Delta Kappan*, is well to remember: "Write that article and send it out, not once but a dozen times." Because one family hasn't had room for it, that doesn't mean that there may not be another family yearning for just such a golden-haired, blue-eyed treasure.

Wash it up, put a clean dress on (perhaps a new first typed sheet may be all that is necessary). If the next home to be considered has different manners and style, perhaps it will be well to give your brainchild a different hairdress and footgear. But keep on trying to find a place where it will serve a useful life. And do remember, that adoptions are time-consuming. It

is often difficult to find the right child for the right home.

And so it is with writers and editors. The young industrial arts teacher from Iowa, we believe, will find other friendly and encouraging editors as he keeps on writing. For editors do want unsolicited manuscripts. The problem for editors and writers alike, is to get the right bundle on the right doorstep.

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*A stranger in town was told that one of the two buildings on the hill was the high school, the other the mental institution. Unable to remember which was which, upon reaching the two buildings, he said to a serious looking man standing at the entrance to one building, "Is this the mental institution?"*

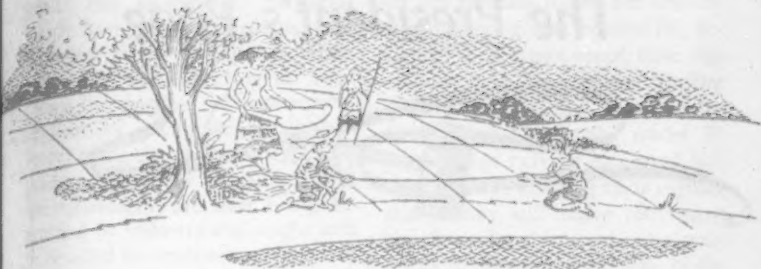
*"No," answered the man, "it's the high school."*

*"Well, I guess there isn't much difference, is there?" went on the stranger.*

*"Well, they do have to show progress to get out of the mental hospital," was the answer.*

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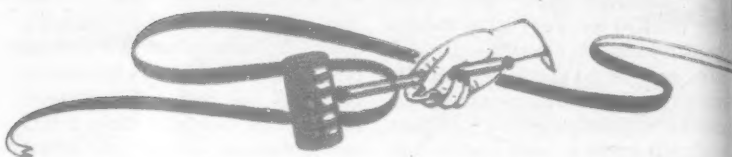


A FEW years ago the *Saturday Evening Post* devoted a feature article to Bina Fuller and her achievements. The recital was highlighted by an impressive spread of pictures, and people all over the country read of the Lilliputian City built by Bina Fuller's pupils. She believes in teaching because it is exciting, because it is the one profession which enables one to keep young, because one enjoys life as she teaches, and finally, because of the sense of great accomplishment in having achieved something worthwhile.

Early in her career Mrs. Fuller resolved that her teaching must exhibit joy, enthusiasm, and happiness, and must demonstrate some of the excitement that she believed was inherent in it. The day came when she was able to put into operation with a group of children in Santa Maria a long-cherished plan. Together she and the children took a plot of ground 100 x 200 feet and laid out a modern city. Learning something about blueprints, a compass, a square, and the 50-foot tape used to survey the plot, a knowledge

of mathematics became a necessity. When the contractor arrived and the children began erecting a building themselves, they learned a great deal more. The children named the streets, they opened a real estate office, they learned about the procedure of purchase and the conditions of sale, they had to find out how to borrow money from the bank, and what promissory notes meant. As the city plans developed, taxation came into being, and then an insurance agent began business. Shrubs were planted, rose gardens were developed, bulbs and seeds solicited from various companies, a small store was set up, city officials were elected, and finally a museum in which are found contributions from all over the country made history come alive. A post office handled the volume of correspondence that developed almost overnight. A library sprang up; a health center was needed. Never were children given fuller and richer opportunities. Out of the stuff of her dreams Bina Fuller wove a great reality.

# The President's Page



**“W**HERE can we find enough well-qualified teachers to staff the public schools,” administrators continue to ask.

One of the answers being suggested is “Inquire among the retired teachers. Emergency situations demand extraordinary solutions.” It has become increasingly evident that the teacher shortage cannot be met completely by recruitment of college students. Sharply curtailed by the demands of military service and the lucrative openings in industry, the supply of young teachers from the college age group does not provide replacement of teachers who retire, resign, or die. Nor do colleges produce a sufficient number of qualified teachers to fill positions created by increased enrollment and to replace the 15,000 teachers now holding substandard certificates.

The problem faced assumes alarming proportions when viewed on a nation-wide basis. According to the NEA Research Division, 750,000 new teachers will be needed

EUNAH HOLDEN

to staff the schools from 1950 to 1960 because of the abnormal increase in birth rate, but from present indications less than 300,000 teachers will be available. How, then, can the shortage be met?

Consideration is being given to drawing back into active duty some of our well-qualified teachers who have resigned or retired. Many persons who left the profession have retained their interest in children; they enjoy good health, physically and emotionally; they remain active in mind and spirit, even though they may be in the 55- to 65-year-old group.

The recruitment of retired teachers seems almost in opposition to the long struggle of the profession for early retirement after 25 or 30 years of service or upon reaching 55 or 60 years of age, but now that the span of life expectancy has been extended, statisticians are pointing out the weaknesses in early retire-

ment: the sociological problems which have been precipitated, the economic strain upon the younger generation of supporting an ever-increasing number of non-sustaining adults. The advantages of lengthening the productive span, of pushing back the compulsory age for retirement, are now being examined by industry and might well be studied by professions. Possibly ways may be found to conserve human resources and so reduce shortages by the wiser use of aging manpower.

With the rapid change in the national economy, attention has been focused upon the financial plight of the retired group. Teachers who withdrew from the profession with a reasonable expectation of being able to support themselves on a fixed income have seen extravagant governmental expenditures with attendant soaring inflation cut in half the buying power of their pension dollars. Although many persons are trying to live on \$30 a month, the retired teachers do not seek charity, though they might welcome a chance to substitute on call. A growing appreciation of the potential value of the retired group is evident. Indiana is typical of the states that permit the retired teacher to substitute a limited number of days (20, 40, or 60) each year without surrendering retirement benefits. Virginia permits unlimited service as a substitute teacher.

Experiencing a phenomenal growth in pupil population, Flor-

ida has recently found her teacher supply lagging well behind the demand. As a consequence, state regulations have been relaxed during the emergency so that retired teachers in good health and under 70 years of age may be employed full time. While drawing their regular salary, they will waive retirement benefits. By this means the state hopes to fill vacancies chiefly in the elementary field and in the rural districts.

Critics who decry the return to the classroom of a teacher trained ten or fifteen years ago should remember that provision for in-service training can somewhat offset pedagogical deficiencies and, in all fairness, it should be pointed out that the person who has been out of the classroom a few years may bring to the pupils and the profession a broader perspective and better understanding as to what should be taught than he possessed before he withdrew. Among the retired group are master teachers who probably are, in spite of their age, better teachers than some now holding substandard certificates. As has been said, "Many ignorant teachers make the work of the good ones doubly difficult—by diffusing ignorance and by spoiling learning attitudes."

If you were the administrator and knew that there were only half enough teachers available, where would you look for qualified personnel for your classrooms?

*Always scholarly, always provocative, President William F. Russell of WOTP has a knack of inducing people to face facts. His address to the delegates assembled at Malta was unusually searching and brilliant. It is a discerning analysis, not only of the world situation, but also of the inevitable changes in educational thinking that must follow realistic appraisal.*

## The Teachers Association and the Long Truce

PRESIDENT W. F. RUSSELL

WOTP is now five years old. We started in 1946. Possibly you can remember that bygone time. We thought that at long last we had achieved peace. Captive France had been freed; Denmark, Norway, Greece, and the Low Countries had been rid of the invaders; and the British Isles were no longer attacked or menaced. Even Germany and Japan, themselves, had been cleared of their war lords. We looked at the world through rose-colored glasses, we saw the lion gamboling with the lamb, and over our heads seemed to float a myriad of white doves, each with an olive branch in his beak.

To build this happy, quiet, easy world, the people of the world—so we thought—decided to join hands and work together. At San Francisco the happy nations created the UN, and there and elsewhere began to set up the special agencies, such as ILO and UNESCO and UNESOC, to attack problems of common concern on a common front with the power that unity brings. No one country—so we thought—considered itself wise enough to solve its problems by itself. There was needed an interchange of ideas, of experience, of results of research; and this was to be conducted by common planning



**THE first institution for higher learning for women in the United States**

was founded by Sarah Pierce, a small and fragile looking woman, whose indomitable spirit gave the lie to her appearance. She founded the seminary for girls which for years was a cherished institution in Litchfield, Massachusetts. In 1792 schools for girls had limited their studies in a regrettable manner, but Sarah Pierce, in her seminary, provided drama, esthetics, physical exercise, manual arts, science, classic and contemporary literature, social studies, and character education. The pioneer spirit that dared to flout convention and make for the young women under her care a stimulating, normal, wholesome, and completely new life, won the respect and the admiration of Litchfield and all the surrounding territory. It was a colorful period in the history of the little town, and one can imagine the entertainment furnished by the procession of young women who every day went for a walk along the quaint old streets with the arching elm trees above them. It was always heralded by music from the fife and flageolet, and one can imagine the interest with which the citizens of the town watched Sarah Pierce vitalize teaching by making even the walks a stimulation and a constant delight to her girls.

and common financing. The spirit of unity pervaded the world. The scepters had been ripped from the hands of the tyrants; evil leaders had been removed. Now let the free peoples of the whole world work together for the good of all, across borders and boundaries, without visas or customs, against sectionalism and nationalism.

It was into this kind of world that WOTP was born. It was for such a purpose that our organization was created. From Endicott

to Glasgow to London, from Berne to Ottawa and now at Valletta, WOTP has followed a steady path at an accelerating pace until it has now become the best financed and largest international association of teachers of any time, purely under the control and support of teachers.

WOTP has also moved steadily toward the objective it has set for itself—to become primarily an international association of teachers' associations, serving each member organization just as they in turn

serve their individual member teachers. To an increasing degree our program has come to consider the major problems that teachers' associations face, to learn how these problems are being attacked by teachers' associations in various countries, to serve as a clearing house of information, and to interchange ideas and the results of experimentation and research. To this end and by these methods we have studied the roles of teachers' associations in relation to the status, pay, and superannuation of teachers, to public relations and publicity, and thus we began the study of the ways in which teachers' associations try to improve the quality of teaching of their members and how they seek to make better association members of their members.

THESE activities of WOTP were based upon the assumption that we were living in a world at peace. We talked a great deal about *Education for Peace*, not only in the sense that education might be directed to the maintenance of peace in the world, but also in the sense that we were considering the role of educational associations in influencing the education of children who themselves would live in a world which was at peace.

Such a concept is unrealistic. To consider the world as at peace is visionary. When teachers' associations plan and work that way, they, like the ostriches, are burying their heads in the sand.

For the peace that we thought we had gained in 1946 proved to be an illusion. The delegates of those countries represented at the WOTP meeting today who went to San Francisco six years ago had smiles on their faces and their hands outstretched. At Endicott we walked arm in arm. And then the roses were ripped from our eyes, the doves turned into vultures, and gossip, innuendo, suspicion, and malevolence replaced friendly words and kindly greetings.

Distressing and dangerous incidents on the international political scene were reflected in WOTP not only by violent and unfair attacks upon us, but by the forced withdrawal from our ranks of our Polish and Czech members, and by the silence of our Chinese associations, the latter proving the falsity of the saying, "No news is good news." The war in Korea is moving at slower tempo, but the world is uneasy, apprehensive, full of fear.

It seems perfectly plain to me, disagreeable as the idea is, that we are not going back to the good old days, to the *Pax Romana* or the Cathedral Builders. We live in a hard world. The alternative that faces us, for the rest of the lives of most of us, is not *peace or war*, but far more likely, in my judgment, war or a *long armed truce*. I propose first to tell you why I come to the conclusion that the *Long Truce* is the most likely alternative. Then I propose to discuss the implications of such an armed truce



on the conduct of your association and mine, if my prediction should prove to be correct.

IT IS difficult today to sense the exhilaration that swept across Britain in 1814 at the news that Napoleon had fled to Elba. Bells were rung; hymns of thanksgiving were sung; joy and enthusiasm reigned. Here are two small illustrations that may help us to recapture the wild emotion of the time. One day, walking from Ripon to Fountains Abbey, I saw a tall monument far off over the trees against the sky. Curiosity getting the better of me, I made my way through thickets and over hedges until finally I came to a churchyard, in the middle of which stood the tall obelisk; and inquiring of the vergers as to whose grave this was, I learned that was not a grave at all but a monument erected by the local lord in 1814 in honor of the downfall of Napoleon. So great had been his relief, so overpowering was his joy, that he had to express himself perpetually in stone.

Wellington had sailed for the Peninsula in the Spring of 1809. Under his leadership the British army, sometimes with the Portuguese, sometimes with the Spanish, sometimes with both, had cleared Napoleon out of Portugal. He had made repeated thrusts into Spain, marked by many great battles. He had held Massena at Torres Vedras, once occupied Madrid, and finally in a great surge had crossed Spain

and the Pyrenees and entered Toulouse. After five years the victor returned to his people; and it is said that "Dover rang with huzzas," that "eager faces pressed against his carriage windows," that "Kent and Surrey were one dusty, roaring lane of bawling Englishmen, and London was waiting to take out his horses." In gratitude, as victory after victory had been reported, the grateful people made Wellington successively Baron Douro, Viscount Wellington of Talavera, Earl Wellington in Somerset, Marquis of Douro, Marquis of Wellington, and finally Duke of Wellington. We can contrast this plethora of honors with the rank of Viscount for Montgomery, and of Earl for Haig, Beatty, and Kitchener.

For we must remember that the British had been in a state of war or uneasy peace with Napoleon for more than fifteen years. Much of this time they had stood alone. There are many curious parallels or resemblances between Napoleon and Hitler; such as, both born in a country different from and to the south of the country in which they rose to the post of supreme tyrant; both sweeping across most of western Europe; both defeated at sea; both resolved to invade England. We are apt to forget the long months in which the main army of Bonaparte camped on the heights beyond Boulogne and the time in which thousands of landing craft were built and assembled by the French in the channel ports. It was

upon this proposed operation that Napoleon turned his back in 1805 and marched to the campaign that ended in the victory of Austerlitz. We are all familiar with the parallel of both dictators invading Russia and their subsequent disastrous retreats. So in 1814 after years of anxiety and fear of invasion, England even more than in 1945 gave a sigh of great relief; joy and thanksgiving reigned; and thanks were given not only to Wellington as the architect of their victory, but to their good allies who had suffered so much, whose fighting had helped to put down "Boney."

And this gratitude took the form of an invitation to come to England and receive the tribute of the British in person. So, early in June 1814 there sailed to Dover a cortege which also was received with wild-est enthusiasm. In fact, it came before Wellington himself arrived. In it were Tsar Alexander of Russia, renowned as a liberal and a forward-looking leader, the King of Prussia, Field Marshal von Blucher, Prince Hardenburg, the historian von Humboldt, and also Platoff, who was Hetman of the Cossacks. There were garden parties, banquets, ceremonies mostly in honor of the dear Russians who had suffered so much and had fought so hard; and this gala reception continued for six weeks, an orgy of thanksgiving, peace, and good will.

BUT the details of the peace were still to be settled, and a peace Congress was called to meet in Vienna. Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, sent as his chief representative Castlereagh, the Minister of Foreign Affairs—by the way, the mention of these names recalls another parallel, for how many of us except historians can recall the names of the English political leaders who supported Wellington in the Peninsular Wars and engineered the victory over Napoleon? For the great Pitt died in 1807, and who succeeded him? A man by the name of Perceval, who was modest and quiet but effective; and after Perceval's assassination in 1812, the British Prime Minister until 1827 was Lord Liverpool, better known by reason of his subordinates than by any reputation of his own.

As Castlereagh sailed en route to Vienna from Dover in July 1814 his ears were ringing with the plaudits to the Tsar of Russia and the King of Prussia, and the prospects for the peace conference looked very good indeed. But here the parallel continues, for the first snag was: who was to participate—just the four big powers, or all the people of Europe concerned; and then the second snag. It became apparent at once that the Russians thought that they had won the war and did not intend to play ball.

Let me quote a few words from Harold Nicolson's *Congress of Vienna*:



ANNIE JUMP CANNON preferred starlight to limelight all her life. The first woman to receive a gold medal from the National Academy of Sciences, Annie Jump Cannon was awarded a succession of honors. A great human being as well as a great scientist, she made the name of the Harvard Observatory known all over the world. Her intellectual curiosity was early remarked when in her candle-lighted attic the little girl set up her first crude observatory. The sight of the stars fascinated her, and to the attic which was well above the trees that surrounded her home in Dover, Delaware the child repaired night after night to pursue her studies in amateur astronomy. This was the beginning of a long and brilliant career which ended only with her death in 1941.

"The Russian generals and diplomats, moreover, having convinced themselves that Russian arms alone had liberated Europe from an odious tyranny, being intoxicated by the military prestige which Russia had unexpectedly acquired, began on every occasion and in every country to indulge in self-assertiveness and intrigue. 'Well, so far as that goes,' boasted a Russian general when discussing the impending Congress, 'one does not need to worry much about negotiations when one has 600,000 men under arms.'"

Here is what Castlereagh wrote to Wellington on October 24, 1814:

"It would have been to be wished . . . that at the end of so long a struggle the several Powers might have enjoyed some repose, without forming calculations that always augment the risks of war; but the tone and conduct of Russia have disappointed this hope and forced upon us fresh considerations."

Here is what Tsar Alexander—the supposed great liberal—includ-

ed in his instruction to Nesselrode, his chief delegate at the Congress of Vienna:

"The Duchy of Warsaw is mine by right of conquest from Napoleon's Empire. The entire continent of Europe has been in league against me. . . . Now that victory has enabled the principal states of Europe to be reconstituted . . . it is only fair that my subjects be indemnified for so many sacrifices and that a buffer state guard them forever from the dangers of a new invasion"<sup>1</sup>

This is not the time or place to go into details or discussions of the Congress of Vienna. I merely cite this one phase of the conflict between Russia and the other hitherto friendly allies meeting to settle the problems after the downfall of Napoleon. Russia insisted upon taking over Poland, not only eastern Poland, but the Duchy of Warsaw as it was called (Western and Central Poland), which previously had been part of Prussia. And Prussia in compensation was to be given Saxony. Resembling Munich or the other moves of Hitler, or the successive grabs of Napoleon, this land grab would have been another step toward domination of all Europe by the Tsar. In a report to Louis XVIII, Talleyrand quotes the Tsar as saying: "I shall keep what I have occupied. . . . Rather a war than give up what I have occupied. . . . Yes, rather a war."<sup>2</sup>

Castlereagh of Britain and Tal-

leyrand of France and Metternich of Austria decided to resist. All negotiations had failed. All persuasion had been in vain. There was nothing to do but to reconstruct the disappearing armies and be ready to fight. Just as well, too, for the next spring Napoleon was to escape from Elba and the armies would be needed for Waterloo.

But Castlereagh, not unlike some later foreign secretaries, had a fight on his hands at home. The English thought that they were taxed enough already, without having to pay for the blocking of the unimportant ambitions of some mad Russians. Here is what Sydney Smith said about taxation in England in 1814:

"Taxes on the ermine which decorates the judge and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spices—on the brass nails of the coffin and the ribands of the bride . . . The schoolboy whips his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road, and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent into a spoon which has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent, and expires into the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death."

"It was said that the government owned one wheel of every coach on the road." Income tax was ten per cent.

And in England at that time, and equally in the Cabinet, were those who didn't want to spend any more money, and wanted to appease. "The chief advocate of appeasement was the Chancellor, Van-

<sup>1</sup>Ferrero, Guglielmo: *The Reconstruction of Europe*. G. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., 1941, p. 147.

<sup>2</sup>Ferrero: *Ibid.*, p. 157.

sittart," says Arthur Bryant. He criticized the policy being pursued at Vienna and insisted upon avoiding "irritating Russia by a pertinacious opposition which is unlikely to be successful." Castlereagh told Liverpool that the Russian menace was not imaginary and that the Tsar's ambitions must be resisted rather than humored. "You must make up your mind," he wrote to him on November 11, "to watch him and to resist him as another Bonaparte. You may rely upon it—acquiescence will not keep him back, nor will opposition accelerate his march."<sup>9</sup> He told Vansittart that never would he himself be a party to assisting a Calmuck prince to overturn Europe.

OF course Castlereagh gained the day. The low-taxers, the appeasers, the then opposite numbers of the American-Firsters and the amateur strategists did not prevail. Castlereagh fashioned his Triple Alliance of Britain, France, and Austria, and all stood firm, ready to go to war if necessary; and the Russians heeded the only voice that Russians respect—the voice of force—and the alignment of the next century was fashioned and put into effect. There were wars here and there—such as the Crimean War and the Franco-Prussian war—but no general conflagration until 1914. And during this period, thanks to the firmness of Castlereagh, Talleyrand, Metternich, and Wellington,

most of Europe lived most of the time in peace, to the great happiness and progress of mankind.

It would seem that, to some degree at least, we are retracing these steps today. Truman, Acheson, and Eisenhower, Attlee, Morrison, and Schuman are playing the parts previously taken by Castlereagh, Talleyrand, Metternich, and Wellington. A similar firm stand is being taken, and a similar long period of uneasy truce may ensue. It is interesting to note the comment of the *London Times* (Sept. 12, 1951) regarding the signing of the Treaty with Japan at San Francisco:

"It is generally felt that this conference was one of the climacterics of post-war history. Taken in conjunction with the aims of the Washington talks on Germany this week, the terms of the treaty mean that American diplomacy has accepted in 1951 the same policy for containing Russian expansion that Britain used more than a century ago."

Consequently I propose for a basis for future action: (1) that we make no plans whatsoever upon the theory that peace is likely to come soon; (2) that we make serious preparations as to what we should do in the event of war, unlikely though we feel it to be; and (3) that we proceed with confidence to consider future programs and such readjustments as may be necessary upon the theory that we are in for a long armed truce.

Now let us consider some of the educational implications of the armed truce and see what effect such implications might have upon the work of associations of teachers.

<sup>9</sup> Nicolson, Harold: *Ibid.*, p. 175.

In the first place, we can look forward with confidence to a period of high taxes, expenditure for armament and military forces, out of all proportion to social services, and probably inflation, greatly to the disadvantage of teachers and others on fixed salaries. I suppose that the cost of building those units of the British Navy that we can see from these windows would pay for all educational expenditures in our various countries for a long time. One super-airplane carrier costs more than the expenditures of all our American universities in a year. What might not be the benefit to mankind if our expenditure on atomic research could be expended on medicine or education?

**I**T will be obviously more difficult to find the money needed to run the schools, and this at the very time when the schools are being called upon to face larger tasks. In most countries the birth rate is increasing, and the larger number of babies born just after the war are now reaching school years. Parents are desiring to send their children to school at an earlier age, and in many countries wish them to remain longer. All in all, schools are faced with a more expensive job to be done for more children at a larger cost owing to inflation, at the very time that a disproportionately large part of the national income will be expended on arms.

The temptation will be to join those forces that oppose armaments,

that talk peace when there is no peace, that tell of the foolishness of following the warmongers, and do everything that they can to weaken our defenses. This is the new line of the Communists. Those that followed the same counsels in the 1920's and 1930's in France and Britain lived to regret their actions.

Obviously teachers' associations must stand firm so that school budgets not only be not needlessly cut, but that the proper increases be made.

When it comes to budget cutting, as Lady Astor once said so well: "It is women and children first." But I think that it might also be a good thing, and possibly create a very good public impression, if teachers' associations were quite openly to reveal their interest in economy and efficiency. Sheer shortage of school buildings, in some countries owing to destruction, in others owing to suddenly increasing school population, has forced temporary plans such as double sessions, larger classes, and alternative schemes such as the work-study-play plan in the U.S.A., teachers' helpers, emergency training programs. How much do we know about the success or failure of such practices? Who has assessed their full and true effect? Who has found out whether it is better to be in a class of 25 under a teacher paid X dollars or pounds or francs, or in a class of 50 under a teacher paid double the amount? I suggest that it may be wise for teachers' associations, while contin-

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using their campaigns for proper school financing, to conduct a parallel campaign for school economy, and let the public know.

The second implication of the armed truce is compulsory military service for all able young men for a year or two or three, at about age 20, and possibly for a considerable number of young women. To many countries of the world, such an enforced gap in the lives of their youth is no novelty, but for many other countries, such as my own for example, it will raise problems that are new and difficult. With us, if long continued, as my analysis would indicate, it may force a reorganization of our educational structure to the detriment of the American college and to an increased emphasis upon secondary education. Since this eventuality is probably local, I shall not discuss it here, but merely point out briefly the opportunities that the schools may have for pre-induction training.

ON our visit to the Fort this week we heard an account of the great land-sea battle of Valletta when the German E-boats were repulsed and the fleet and ships at anchor saved—a story of great heroism and alertness. And the lookout, who at 7,000 feet and in the half light just preceding dawn, spotted the 14-foot craft approaching and gave exact bearings and distance to the gunners, was an illiterate Maltese. But, in general, there is no place in a

modern armed service for an illiterate, nor indeed is there for a man without a skill. Modern armies and navies are congregations of technicians, and much of military training in modern times is technical training. All who can reach military age with a skill, or the beginnings of one, as a rule save the armed services just that much of a training problem.

To some extent military and civilian needs are identical; to some extent, quite different. In countries new to compulsory military service I suggest that teachers' associations may render a real and important service by exploring the possibilities of the schools' contributing to the military educational program, always with the understanding that the usual programs of the schools are to suffer in no way. Associations might wish to set up special committees on pre-induction training.

Finally, there is the problem of the maintenance of civilian morale during a long armed truce. When the enemy is at the gates, when the future is dire and uncertain, there is no trouble in maintaining in the civil population the will to do and dare. The boys and girls are glad to join the armed services. Workers produce to their utmost. People are glad to pay what it costs. Voluntary agencies receive full support in gifts of money and services. The people are on edge and on their toes.

But what happens when the



**A** NNA HOWARD SHAW loved to think of herself as a pioneer, and certainly she merited the title. Known for her activities in behalf of suffrage for women, for her marvelous eloquence on the lecture platform, for her career as an active minister in the pulpit, Anna Howard Shaw radiated humor, enthusiasm, and optimism. Hers was a buoyant spirit, and her ebullience persisted through all the vicissitudes of a colorful career. She was always a teacher in the best sense of the word, and some of her experiences as a teacher in a small pioneer school are told in *The Story of a Pioneer* with zest and good humor. Her reminiscences were always dramatic, and her recollections of some of her childhood experiences make us understand the dramatic career of this great woman much better than we could otherwise do. She tells of her memories of the voyage to America undertaken when she was four years old. On that voyage she was a special pet of the sailors, and they taught her to sing their songs as they hauled on the rope. One of the ditties that she remembered most vividly was "Haul on the bow-line, Kitty is my darling, Haul on the bow-line, The bow-line-haul!" When she sang "Haul," all the sailors pulled their hardest, and she remembered vividly throughout the long years of her life the exhilarating sense of sharing in their labors. As a return her little apron was kept stuffed by the men with ship sugar, of which she ate an astonishing amount during the voyage, but from which she felt no ill effects.

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enemy talks peace, with a concealed knife in his belt? When he claims to be your friend while he conspires behind your back? Propaganda, propaganda, propaganda all the time to make you lower your guard. And taxes keep you down; and the standard of living remains low. How to keep off the grumblers, the kickers, the dupes for enemy talk?

All these questions point to a most serious problem affecting all of our countries as we try to endure life under the conditions that we shall likely face. I am inclined to believe that freedom or serfdom for our children will depend upon how we solve this problem.

It was a good thing that we in WOTP were able to have such an extended discussion of the teaching of human rights in our various countries; and it was good that we decided also to stress the teaching of human duties. In this area of somehow or other stimulating the love of liberty in our peoples, its closer definitions, its more effective teaching, rests a major contribution of teachers and schools. I suggest that each of our member associations, in its own way, make a serious attempt to study this problem, devise a program of action adapted to the particular country in question, and try to put it into effect. It will be most interesting at the next meeting of WOTP to hear

reports of what we have been able to do.

I fear that I have painted a gloomy picture, but if the subject of a picture is gloomy, the picture, if it be a true picture, must be gloomy too. It is my thesis that the function of a teachers' association is one thing, if we live in a world at peace; another, if at war; and another different still, if we live in a long armed truce. Experience would indicate that it is unlikely that we shall live in a world of peace, and that we are faced with the alternative of a world at war or a long armed truce. The latter seems to me to be the more likely, and I suggest that our member associations will be wise if they recognize this fact. To the increased financial difficulties of education I suggest renewed attention to increased support, coupled with special attention to economies and savings. To the fact of compulsory military service, I suggest consideration of the possibilities of pre-induction training. To the difficulty of maintaining morale and the will to keep up our guard, I suggest increased attention to the teaching of human rights, duties and citizenship among a free people generally. Only by constant vigilance and constant adaptation to change can teachers' associations play their maximum role in the difficult future which we face.

*Faith Linsley is one of the rare people who can laugh at themselves. She combines profound wisdom with delightful whimsy. At Headquarters we enjoy the pungent limericks that come now and again from her pen. This contribution we want to share with you.*

## COME ON, GIRLS

FAITH LINSLEY

There's a stubborn woman named Delta  
Whose hardness nothing can melt-a.

She just sets her jaw  
And lays down the law;  
And regrets she never has felt-a.

She has a companion named Kappa;  
Of judgment she hasn't a scrap-a.

When problems arise  
And she should be wise,  
All she does is yammer and yap-a.

Alas, there's another called Gamma,  
Who gives, not a boost, but a slam-a.

When someone proposes,  
She promptly disposes,  
And off goes a head with a "Wham-a"!

Now, Delta and Kappa and Gamma,  
Don't put the whole works in a jam-a.

We'll get a lot done  
And even have fun—  
If we join in a *helpful* program-a.

# A member of Delta Kappa Gamma reports on the MALTA MEETING OF WOTP

EDNA M. BAKER

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*As an affiliate member of WOTP the Delta Kappa Gamma Society was privileged to have one delegate. The Society was fortunate in having Edna Baker as its official delegate, as well as in having several other members present.*

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THE fifth annual Delegate Assembly of the World Organization of the Teaching Profession was held in the Hotel Phoenicia, Valletta, Malta, July 20-26. It was my great privilege to interpret for French-speaking delegates and to represent as official delegate the Delta Kappa Gamma Society, to be a member of the delegation of the National Education Association, and the New Jersey Education Association. Corma Mowrey (Gamma, West Virginia), Mary Virginia Morris (Chi, of California), and

Bernice Dondineau (Kappa, Michigan) were very active delegates at a Delta Kappa Gamma luncheon. We emphasized the important role members of Delta Kappa Gamma could play in promoting the growth of this international organization of teachers which is recognized by the United Nations and the UNESCO as an official consultative body.

Delegates from thirty national teachers' organizations representing more than two million teachers throughout the world attended this

important conference. Dr. William G. Russell, president of Teachers College, Columbia University, was re-elected president. The American delegation of the National Education Association numbered twenty.

No other place in the world could have been more appropriate for an international gathering of teachers than Malta, whose stand during the last Great War had merited for her the award of the George Cross. During those strenuous days of siege the teachers of Malta played an important role; many of them served in vital civil defense posts, and all of them by example and precept did everything possible to sustain morale.

**T**HE purpose of the WOTP is to raise the status of the teachers and the teaching profession, to work for better schools throughout the world, and to promote peace by international cooperation in education.

Perhaps the most important item of business on the agenda for the Malta meeting was the action of WOTP to support the creation of a new confederation of teachers which would make it possible for teachers throughout the world to speak with one voice. If the two international teachers' federations, FIPESO (the International Federation of Secondary Teachers) and IFTA (the International Federation of Teachers Associations), agree, a million more teachers will be added to the membership of WOTP.

Delegates gave enlightening reports on "How National Teachers Organizations can help their members become more effective in their educational service." They also reported on Professional Ethics. How they varied in the different countries! There were reports on salaries with a comparison of other occupations and professions. There were section meetings on Education for International Understanding.

Delegates felt it was not enough "to feel good"—one must "do good." There was a special discussion on "Teaching Human Rights in the Classroom." This was the result of a contract entered into by UNESCO and WOTP whereby WOTP is to suggest the best methods of teaching human rights in the schools.

Many social events added to our enjoyment. His Excellency, Sir David Campbell, Governor of Malta, entertained us at the Palace; The Reverend Mother Superior gave us a reception at the Sacred Heart Convent; The Honorable Prime Minister and the Honorable Cecelia de Trafford Strickland, M.L.A., entertained us; a dinner was given in honor of Dr. Russell at which each country presented a book to him in appreciation of his service to WOTP. There was a "fun meeting," as well as an open-air dance at the Phoenicia Hotel Garden to which all Maltese teachers were invited. Many friendships were formed at that dance.

One of the unforgettable occa-



sions was an all-day cruise to the sister island of Gozo on the *Hanini*, which was dressed overall for the occasion. We met hundreds of natives of this beautiful island and felt the great feeling of pride these people exhibited in entertaining an international group of teachers.

The Maltese teachers themselves were present in great numbers officially to inaugurate what proved to be an ever-increasing flow of hospitality throughout the conference. The delegates were most impressed by the simple spiritual dignity of the Maltese people, and especially with the number of fine, young people entering the teaching profession. They invited us into their simple homes. The average family consisted of five children and the salaries were shockingly low. It was very apparent that the Maltese children need clothing. [The author

would be glad to supply addresses of teachers who would gladly make over clothing for their pupils.]

Educators realize more and more that the desire for, and the competence to achieve a free and peaceful world depend in a large part upon the purposes and quality of education, and upon the role teachers' associations assume in their own country and in the maintenance of cooperative relationships among fellow associations in other lands.

The Malta Conference was a great experience. We learned much from our friends of other lands. It was a joyous occasion when the application of the Japanese teachers was accepted for membership in WOTP. When the Conference closed with the singing of the Maltese national anthem, we all realized that new friends had become old friends.

ANNA R. FAIT went to Oklahoma with her husband to found a school in 1868. The story of how Mrs. Fait organized a school with no desks, no blackboards, no books, is a colorful and dramatic one, but a school she did found, and for many years it was an oasis in the community. Anna Fait looked on each day as a new adventure. Each day she met a new challenge. For eighteen hours a day she worked, and her reward was in the number of prominent men in Oklahoma who were once her pupils. She never forgot the day she came to Anadarko, however, for someone had died and it was to the beating of the tom-toms and the wailing of the death cry from the Indians that she descended from the pony-drawn hack that had brought her there. There were only an old adobe hotel, four trader stores, four small houses, the agent's home, a blacksmith shop, and a small building with a cross atop. This is the scene which Mrs. Fait never forgot and which our artist has chosen to picture.



# The Sun and Inoc of Elementary Teaching

MAE HANSON

**W**OULD you consider me rather profound if I remarked that EDUCATION IS IMPORTANT? It's an unoriginal but very safe statement.

There is a brand new book, published by Macmillan, called "Two Sides to a Teacher's Desk." In it, the author, Max S. Marshall, says: "Education, as the advertisers of mattresses sometimes say of sleep, takes up a large fraction of our lives. It means much to children, young folks and adults. It is a significant item in the lives of parents, employers, taxpayers, and professional persons. It means more

and more in the careers of persons starting out. . . . Our goal in education is to help students to help themselves, each with his own background of family and neighborhood, his own inherited and acquired philosophy, and whatever particular future may be his. There is no telepathic means whereby a teacher can convey facts or ideas to the minds of students. We who teach can only guide and serve as cheerleaders on the sidelines. We can do tremendous amounts of harm. Observe the teachers who produced the robots developed by the totalitarian powers, enough

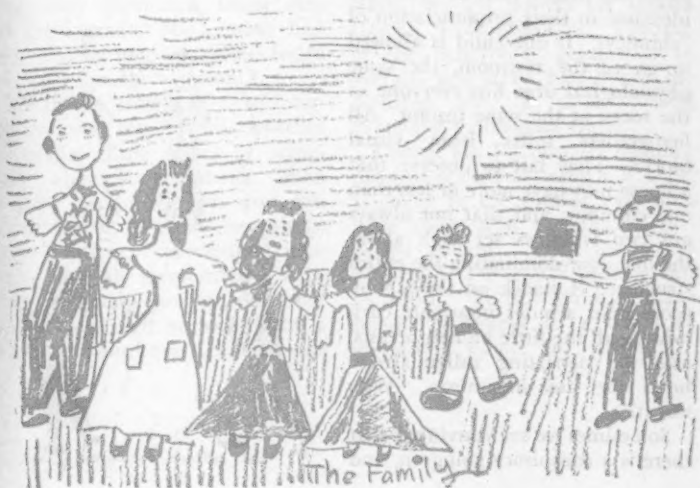
phrase-swallowing robots to keep unconquerable man in a pretty well-conquered state. The pendulum does not swing so far in the other direction. We can do relatively little good. We shall never solve much in the game of teaching until we admit that we who teach are here only because the parade is going by." \* Mr. Marshall goes on to tell us that we must not dominate or become tyrannical—we must guide and give a little aid. And it's this knowing how to guide and give aid in the right proportions which becomes the big problem in teaching little children.

\* Marshall, Max Skidmore, *Two Sides to a Teacher's Desk*, Macmillan Company. New York, 1951. (Permission of the Macmillan Company.

I sit back and think: What does teaching mean to me?

Well, it often means discouragement and weariness. There is the constant clash of varying personalities which compels the teacher to perform in the inevitable roles of umpire, referee, protector, first aid specialist, and mediator. This is all very stimulating and challenging—and also takes the starch out of one.

There are times when a teacher collapses into a chair with a moan of "What is the use? Kenneth will never in this wide world realize that there is a difference between *was* and *saw*, and he'll never care." Then Kenneth grows up, and he writes to you from an army camp. "We was in Texas for awhile, and have saw lots of interesting places



since." Then you breathe a sigh of relief! He has finally learned those two words!

A teacher learns eventually that lots of her nervous energy is wasted



in fruitless worry about children, who grow and develop in spite of all she does or does not.

Children are indeed individualists, and adjustments are part of the normal process, but in some respects there is a deadly monotony about the little creatures. They are identical in their pronunciation of "chimley." If one child is allowed to go to the restroom, the same physiological urge hits everyone in the room at the same instant. All first-graders suffer from visual blocks. They fail to observe that a house may have more or less than one chimney, and that not always are two windows set high above the one door dominating the entire structure. A knock on the school-room door arouses insatiable curiosity in all the little human breasts, and the departing caller always hears the hiss in unison, "Who was it?"

Sometimes we are convinced that there is a conspiracy going on, and

that mothers and salesmen are determined to squash little boys' feet into overshoes several sizes too small. How many broken nails have I suffered in struggling to bundle up the kiddies after school! I recall, also, the days of the scarlet fever epidemic. LaVell was called in from the sixth grade to take Glen home. He was lavishly decorated with an angry, wild-looking red rash. She confessed, "Mama thought he had scarlet fever this morning, but he bawled to come, and she wanted to get her quilt finished."

It's tough to be a first grade teacher, at times. Her charges expect her to be an expert carpenter, able to construct a model store or an airport at the drop of a hat, or a hint from a six-year-old extrovert. She should adore being surrounded



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by white rodents, angle worms, gestating rabbits, moulting birds, and tadpoles. She must bubble over with delight at the thought of herding a roomful of swarming bipeds to the bakery or the art exhibit or the postoffice. Still—these excursions aren't always so bad. Once I took my class for a May walk. The enterprising boys collected innumerable magpie eggs, and told us admiring females how much profit would result. Then they flung themselves, perspiring and panting, on the grass. Energy was revived miraculously when Luana suggested that they play school. Wayne shouted, "Oh, that would be fun. And let's play like Miss Hanson was the teacher." Never have I felt more flattered than when a unanimous vote ushered me into office.

There was one teacher who reluctantly promoted Dean into the third grade. His mother had been sending such marvelous fudge for every special occasion!

To future teachers, let me suggest that you keep records, whether notebooks, filing boxes or scrapbooks, about your students. Then in your declining years you can review names, birthdays, snapshots, funny sayings, spectacular incidents, and all memorable events. They will help you to remember Wilma, who used no tool except a brown crayon, and Lorna, who

wanted to sing, at Easter time, the song about the hard eggs. Questioning revealed the title and first words, "Oh, if I could recall all those hard eggs, dear old Daddy, I've caused you to bear?" You'll remember the literal-minded boys like my Bobby, who challenges every feature of standardized tests. He sees a picture of a block of ice, and is told to draw a line under the picture, if the word illustrated has a long *i* in it. But he argues, "There's an ice pick in the picture. Pick has a short *i*." Then along comes a true-false test. One statement is: "Snow is green." All the bright kids are underlining *false*. Not Bob. He justifies his different reaction. "You guys come over to our corral, and I'll show you some snow that ain't white."

And the creative arts we garner! Children love to do family portraits. We get posters for Health Day on "Keep Flies Out." The one of the benevolent gentleman in overalls and straw hat, above the dividing line, is called, "God Watching a Snowball Game."

Last of all, I'll casually mention the *real reward* of being a teacher. It comes in the shining eyes of a little child, who exclaims in surprised delight: "Why teacher, I can read! I'm really reading, all by myself." To that child you have handed the keys to a world of mysterious wonder and magic.

## *Across The Editor's Desk*



### **We Walk in Noble Company**

**T**HE women of our organization believe in their profession.

They covet for young people endowed with high qualities of mind and spirit the satisfactions, the joys, the fun they have had in teaching. For years we have found inspiration and high challenge in the stories of the women pioneers in our profession who have dared to walk where none has trod before. They are the great explorers of the teaching spirit. None of them has ever apologized for her profession. Every one of them has found in it beauty and grandeur.

It is fitting for us to remind ourselves at intervals of the joy in living that these women who have felt a great responsibility for the children of America have shared. They have not paused, any of them, to identify their woes; they have not allowed their spirits to languish. Every one of them has realized that each day is a time for greatness.

We are paying special tribute to these pioneers of the spirit in this number of the *Bulletin*. The editor and the artist have engaged in research to bring you in dramatic and pictorial form incidents in the



lives of the great women whom we are proud to claim as fellow teachers.

The drawings were done by Mr. R. M. Williamson of Austin, and he has shared the editor's pleasure in making this research.

Appropriately enough, the cover carries a picture of *Boxford*, the house which Alice Freeman Palmer called home, a home immortalized in the colorful story of her life by her husband, George Herbert Palmer.

It was a happy hiding place, remote from the city, even from the village in which there was not even a hotel, secure from invasion with

no calls to make, no lectures to give, no committees to meet, not many guests to entertain. Alice Freeman Palmer found rest for her spirit there in the company of her husband. There she sewed and mended; there she remade her old dresses; there she and her husband read aloud. In *Boxford* she found the world made new each time she visited. It was the dearest place on earth to her, and it is fitting in remembering the achievements of this great teacher that we recall the place she lived in for a portion of each year and that she loved more than any other place in the world.

M. M. S.

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The dean of girls in a high school was advising the high school girl who had just been invited to her first college dance by a somewhat older college man.

"My dear," she said, "you are young and unsophisticated, while Jim has seen some of the world. After the dance is over, if Jim suggests that you park in his car and look at the moon, remember your home teachings, and remember that your mother will be worrying about you."

The girl promised that she would report back to the Dean the day following the dance, and sure enough she entered the office bursting into an enthusiastic account of her evening with Jim.

"And I remembered, too, Dean G—, what you told me. And when Jim parked the car to look at the moon, and said to me, 'Come on a little closer and put your head on my shoulder; I just pulled away and said, 'No, you come on over a little closer and put your head on my shoulder and let your mother do the worrying.'"

# LEST WE FORGET

## Alabama

The Beta Chapter has lost one of its early honorary members in the death of Miss Yula Beatty of Coaling. She died in Tuscaloosa May 21, 1951.

The Pi Chapter reports the death of Annie Smith Duncan of Auburn on October 14, 1951. Active in church, civic, and community welfare work, Mrs. Duncan still had time for the activities of Delta Kappa Gamma.

On August 14, 1951 Ida Reba Carr of the Alpha Epsilon Chapter died near Tallapoosa, Georgia. She had been in the teaching profession for twenty-two years and was the principal of Chapman School in Leeds.

## Arkansas

The Eta Chapter mourns the death of one of its oldest members, Miss Clara Bertha Eno, ninety-seven years of age. She was one of the earliest leaders in participating in civic affairs and was known widely for her publications on Arkansas history. She died on August 2, 1951 in Van Buren.

## Colorado

In Wheeler, Oregon, Irene H. Slocum of the Lambda Chapter died on August 3, 1951. She was a charter member of her chapter, had served in a variety of capacities in the organization, and participated vigorously in civic affairs.

## Illinois

The Beta Chapter reports the death of Miss Ethel Burris of 508 West Mulberry Street, Normal, Illinois on November 4, 1951. Miss Burris was a charter member and was widely known in educational circles.

The Beta Chapter suffered another loss in the death of Miss Anna Croskey who died in Bloomington on November 12, 1951. She was an honorary member and principal of the Abraham Lincoln School in Bloomington for twenty years.

Pi Chapter reports the death of Mrs. Alice Bowen of Oakwood Heights, Savanna, Illinois on September 3, 1951. Mrs. Bowen was for forty-five years a member of the local library board and was credited with having secured a generous grant for the library.

Rho Chapter lost an active member in the death of Mrs. Louise P. Bush on August 22, 1951 in Marlin, Texas. At the time of her death Mrs. Bush was first vice-president of the chapter. She was widely known in educational and civic circles.

Miss Bernice Pettitt of the Omega Chapter, Kewanee, Illinois, died on September 24, 1951 in that city. Miss Pettitt had served on a variety of committees and until her last illness was acting as corresponding secretary. She had taught in the schools of Henry County for forty-six years.

Note: We regret that a typographical

error was responsible for reporting Mrs. Lucille Pope as a member of Alpha Mu Chapter. The notice which appeared in the last number of the *Bulletin* should have read Alpha Nu.

#### Kansas

Miss May Howes of Wichita died on October 18, 1951. She was an honorary member of Kappa Chapter. She had served for more than fifty years as a classroom teacher.

Kappa Chapter lost another member in the death of Floy Lee Mallonee. Miss Mallonee was an art teacher and was active in AAUW work as well as in the Society.

Alpha Beta Chapter reports the death of Miss Emma Gilstad of Effingham in Kansas City on August 29, 1951. She had been vice-president of her chapter and had worked actively on several committees.

The Alpha Mu Chapter lost an active member in the death of Miss Olive M. Brown on June 19, 1951 in Harper, Kansas. We have no other details.

#### Kentucky

In Louisville, Mrs. Madge Porter Shira died on May 10, 1951. She was an active member of the Theta Chapter and served as its president from 1949-51. She was the president-elect for the following year. Her untiring efforts for Delta Kappa Gamma will long be remembered. She was outstanding in the field of human relations.

#### Louisiana

Miss Hilda Roberts, a member of Alpha Chapter, died on August 7, 1951 in New Iberia. She had served the chapter as corresponding secretary and as second vice-president. In the New Iberia High School she was head of the English Department. She also served as advisor of girls and during the last few years as principal. The school board has voted to name a new school, now under construction, for Hilda Roberts.

#### Maine

Miss Martha E. Hopkins of the Alpha Chapter died on September 27, 1951. She

was an honorary member and a woman of charming personality and great dignity.

#### Maryland

In the Washington County Hospital, Hagerstown, Maryland Naomi Harsh Taylor of Williamsport died on July 4, 1951. She had served as chairman of the Pioneer Women Committee of the Gamma Chapter and was widely known not only for her educational activities, but also for her participation in religious and civic affairs.

#### Massachusetts

Massachusetts lost a valued and energetic member in the person of Mildred M. Hartwell of Barnstable. She died in Hyannis on August 25, 1951. Miss Hartwell was widely known not only for her activity and devotion to the Society, but also for her educational activities in various teachers' organizations. She will be greatly missed.

#### Michigan

In Kalamazoo on September 20, 1951 Miss Blanche Draper of the Epsilon Chapter died. Miss Draper was a veteran newspaper woman and public relations director for the Western Michigan College. She was in charge of publicity for the organization, and it owes much to her energetic planning.

In Fremont on October 23, 1951 Miss Ann Lubke of the Epsilon Chapter died. She was a state charter member and was widely beloved.

Miss Frances S. Merritt of the Rho Chapter died on October 18, 1951 in the Mercy Hospital, Benton Harbor. She had served on various committees.

#### Mississippi

The Theta Chapter reports the death of Miss Mackie McRaney of Magnolia on June 10, 1951. Miss McRaney was a faithful member, conscientious in performing any duty assigned her and inspired the loyalty of others.

#### Montana

In Harlowton on July 12, 1951 Miss Bertha Lunceford of Zeta Chapter died. We have no other details.

**Missouri**

In Nevada on September 9, 1951 Mrs. Mary Helen Schumann of the Gamma Chapter died. Her special contributions to teacher welfare will be long remembered. She had taught for forty years; was principal of Franklin School for twenty of those years, and was active in a number of other civic and social organizations.

**New Mexico**

On September 2, 1951 Mrs. Clem Lockhard Russell of the Iota Chapter died. She had been president during the early years of the chapter, and her sterling qualities of leadership did much to establish Iota as an active growing organization. She was devoted to the ideals of the Society. She had been not only an outstanding primary teacher, but principal of two elementary schools. She was widely known for the variety of her educational activities.

**New York**

Miss Margaret Kinney of Cortland died on June 11, 1951. She was a member of the Beta Chapter. Not only was she Supervisor of Music of the public schools in that city, but she found time for a variety of other civic activities.

In White Plains on March 20, 1951 Miss Cora Louise Gravely of the Gamma Chapter died. She had been recording secretary for the chapter. She was the author of many articles on elementary education and was especially well known for her intensive study of schools in England and Porto Rico.

**North Carolina**

Miss Ada Royall of the Omicron Chapter died in Wilson on May 5, 1951. Interested, faithful, and loyal, Miss Royall will long be remembered for her contributions to music appreciation in her chapter.

**Ohio**

The Gamma Chapter lost a faithful and devoted member in the death of Grace C. Phelps on September 16, 1951. She had been principal of three different elementary schools, was a faithful member of the

Presbyterian Church, and belonged to and worked actively in several other civic organizations.

Eleanor L. Skinner of the Gamma Chapter died on October 20, 1951. Miss Skinner was a well-known author of English textbooks, had taught literature in the North High School, and for a number of years served as its principal.

The Nu Chapter lost an active member and the first vice-president when Mrs. Lillian Scott Wilson of Bowling Green was killed in a traffic accident on September 6, 1951. She was a supervising teacher of the first grade in the University Elementary School of Bowling Green State University.

The Xi Chapter lost an active member in the death of Miss Julia Bothwell in August, 1951. Miss Bothwell was a pioneer in the kindergarten movement in Cincinnati.

The Beta Mu Chapter lost an associate member when Miss Katharine Calvin died on June 22, 1951. Miss Calvin was an art teacher for thirty years, and her inspiration gave impetus to the work of many young artists. Widely known for her own art work, she had exhibited in many art institutes and museums. She was a member of a number of associations of artists.

**Oklahoma**

On September 5, 1951 the Phi Chapter lost an active member in the death of Mrs. Lydia Enix of Miami, Oklahoma. We have no other details.

**Tennessee**

Miss Ina Yoakley, the founder of Gamma Chapter, died on July 27, 1951. A pioneer teacher in East Tennessee, Miss Yoakley had engaged in teacher training for thirty-three years at East Tennessee State College, and she was head of the Geography Department and served as Dean of Women. A widely known traveler, an active member of her organization, she will be greatly missed.

**Texas**

The Zeta Chapter reports the death of Miss Elsie Luedtke on October 1, 1951. She was corresponding secretary for the

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chapter and chairman of the Teacher Welfare and Morale Committee. She was active in other educational organizations.

Pai Chapter reports the death of Carra Mae Tarpley in Denison. For two terms Miss Tarpley had served as corresponding secretary and as second vice-president for two terms. She had served on various committees. She was active in many educational organizations and had been a teacher in the Denison schools for twenty-three years.

The Beta Tau Chapter lost an honorary member when Mrs. E. A. Holmgreen of San Antonio died in Sinton on November 20, 1951. She was especially interested in the research study on Teacher Welfare and Morale. Generous of time and money, Mrs. Holmgreen was an outstanding leader in her community and a member of many of the city's important organizations.

The Beta Upsilon Chapter reports the death of Mrs. Lucretia Irby on August 18, 1951. She was instrumental in the organization of the chapter and was its first president. She had been a teacher of English and of Library Science for twenty-five years in the Cisco High School and Junior College.

#### Washington

Mrs. Ollie A. Cleveland, one of the founders of Alpha Sigma State, and a member of the Iota Chapter, died on July 4, 1951. She was the first state treasurer, had served as president of her chapter, and until her last illness attended state conventions and executive board meetings

regularly. She was widely known for her activities in other organizations as well as the Society.

The Rho Chapter reports the death of Miss Beth Webster on August 30, 1951, in Seattle. She had been chairman of several important committees and for two years served as the first vice-president of the chapter. She was a member of several other civic organizations.

#### West Virginia

The Delta Chapter mourns the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Armstrong McGrew on May 30, 1951. She was a member of a number of other educational organizations and her reputation as an educational leader was very high.

#### Wisconsin

The Kappa Chapter reports the death of Miss Maida S. Gibson on July 15, 1951. She was an active member vitally interested in the Selective Recruitment Program and alert constantly to the needs of the profession. Though heavily burdened with family responsibilities, she was very active in civic affairs.

Kappa Chapter reports the death of Miss Clara Mae Ward of Eau Claire. She was a state founder, had been music instructor in the state colleges at Superior and Eau Claire. She organized an A Cappella choir and toured many large cities with her choir. She had been active in a number of civic and welfare organizations.

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